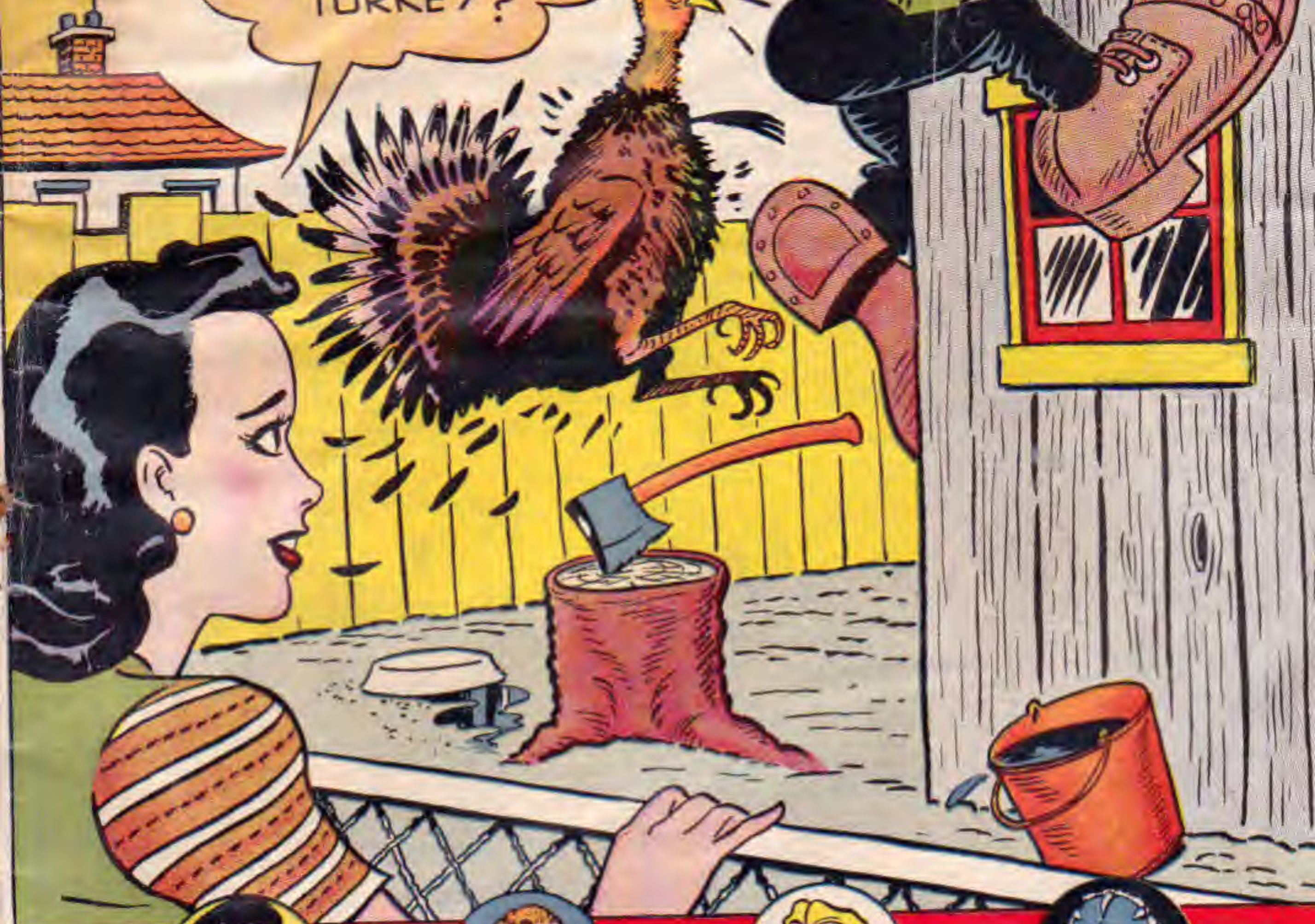


BIG SHOTS

I WON IT IN A
RAFFLE, DIXIE-I
NEVER WAS
LUCKY!

SLAP HAPPY!
WHERE DID YOU GET
THAT TOUGH
TURKEY?



DIXIE DUGAN



TONY TRENT



SPARKY WATTS



THE SKYMAN



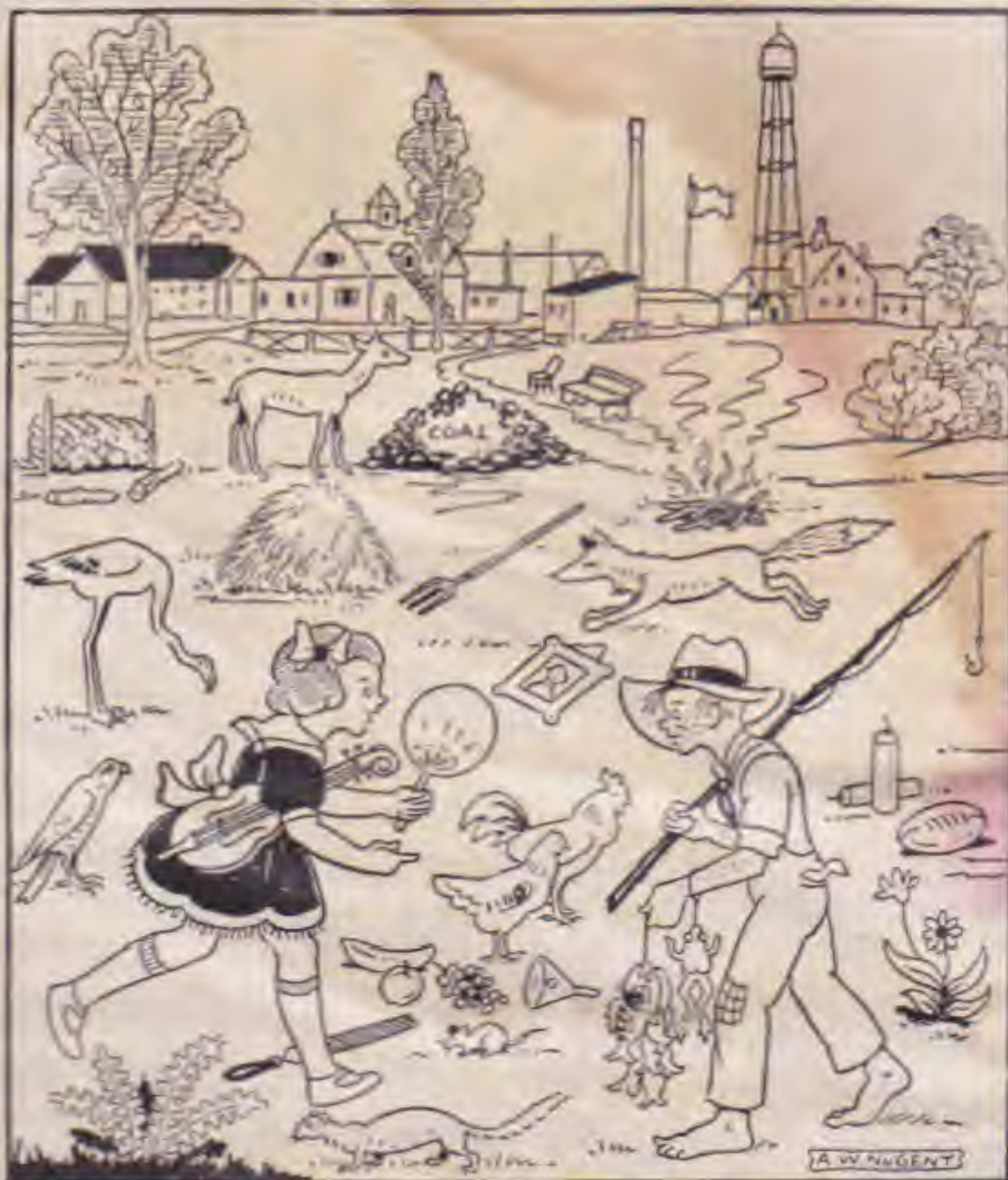
**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

BIG SHOT GAME PAGE

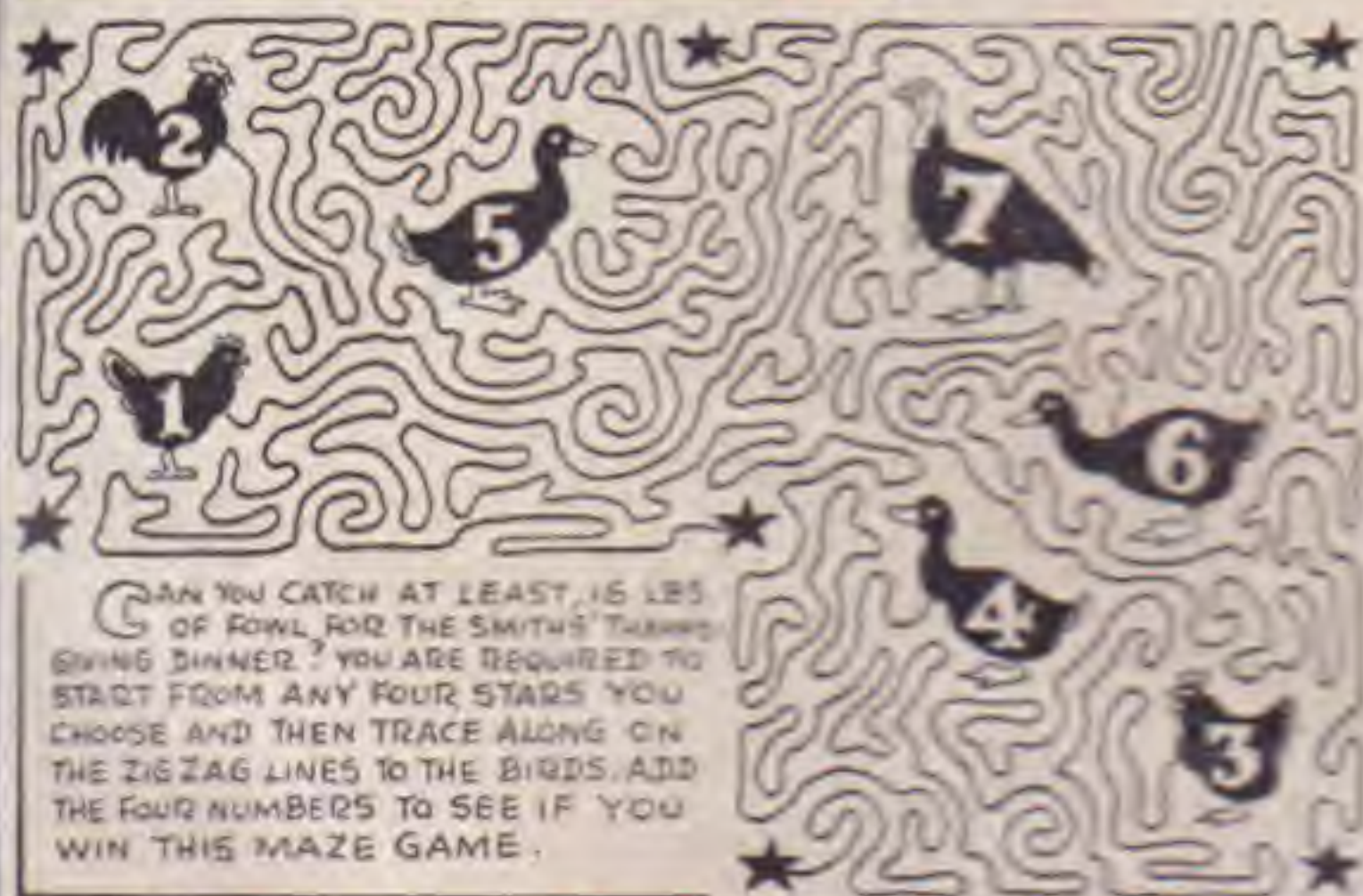
CATCH THE TURKEY



FARMER BROWN'S TURKEY SEEMS TO KNOW THAT THANKSGIVING IS APPROACHING AND HAS SLIPPED AWAY FROM ITS COOP START FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE MAZE AND SEE IF YOU CAN TRACE BETWEEN THE LINES AND CAPTURE THE ELUSIVE BIRD FOR THE FARMER.



HERE IS A FASCINATING PICTURE GAME. IN ORDER TO WIN YOU ARE REQUIRED TO FIND 55 OR MORE OBJECTS IN THE DRAWING THAT BEGIN WITH THE LETTER "F" NUMBERED THE OBJECTS WITH YOUR PENCIL.



CAN YOU CATCH AT LEAST 15 LBS OF FOWL FOR THE SMITHS' THANKSGIVING DINNER? YOU ARE REQUIRED TO START FROM ANY FOUR STARS YOU CHOOSE AND THEN TRACE ALONG ON THE ZIGZAG LINES TO THE BIRDS. ADD THE FOUR NUMBERS TO SEE IF YOU WIN THIS MAZE GAME.

THE NEW YORK
HERALD

START FROM ANY OF THE ABOVE LETTERS YOU WISH AND MOVE ALONG A LINE TO THE NEXT LETTER. SEE IF YOU CAN SPELL THE NAMES OF SEVEN BIRDS BY MOVING FROM LETTER TO LETTER IN THIS MANNER. IF YOU SPELL SIX WELL GIVE YOU TEN PERCENT.

Spatkey Watts

by Boody ROGERS.

HOW WOULD YUH
GENTS LIKE TO GO
HOG HUNTING?



HOG HUNTING!?
YOU MEAN
PIGS?

SURE--WILD HOGS!
TH' DESERT IS FULL
OF 'EM--AND YUH'VE
GOTTA BE CAREFUL
OR THEY'LL BITE
OFF YER LEG!!



SOUNDS EXCITING--
LET'S DO IT, DOC!
WHERE ARE
SLAP HAPPY AND
YOO HOO?

THEY WENT
TO THE TRADING
POST IN MY
CAR--SAID THEY
WANTED TO BUY
SOME THINGS!



IF YUH GENTS WUZ
SPEAKIN' BAD ABOUT
US YUH'D BETTER
SMILE--OR I'LL
DRAW MY
SHOOTIN'
ARN!!

WE ARE TRULY
CLOWBOYS NOW--ALL
WE NEED ARE ROPES,
HORSES, AND SOME
HONORABLE
CLOWS!

WHOOOPS! LOOK AT
THE DRUG STORE!
COWPUNCHERS!



WE'RE GOING
PIG HUNTING!
IS YOUR GUN
LOADED?

SURE!
THE
STORE
MAN
LOADED
IT FOR
ME!

WE DON'T
SHOOT 'EM,
WE LASSO
'EM-- BUT
IT'S ALWAYS
GOOD TO
HAVE ONE
GUN ALONG
JUST IN CASE--
SO SLAP HAPPY
CAN BRING HIS!

OLD ROCKIN' CHAIR
IS MY HOSS--YUH
GENTS SADDLE
THOSE OTHER
CRITTERS!

YOU CAN'T
RIDE THAT
ANIMAL--HIS
BACK IS
BROKEN!

HE AIN'T A HE-- HE'S A SHE--AND
HER BACK IS OKAY--IT'S JUST A
MITE SWAYED--I LIKE IT
THAT WAY--CAN'T FALL
OFF SO EASY!

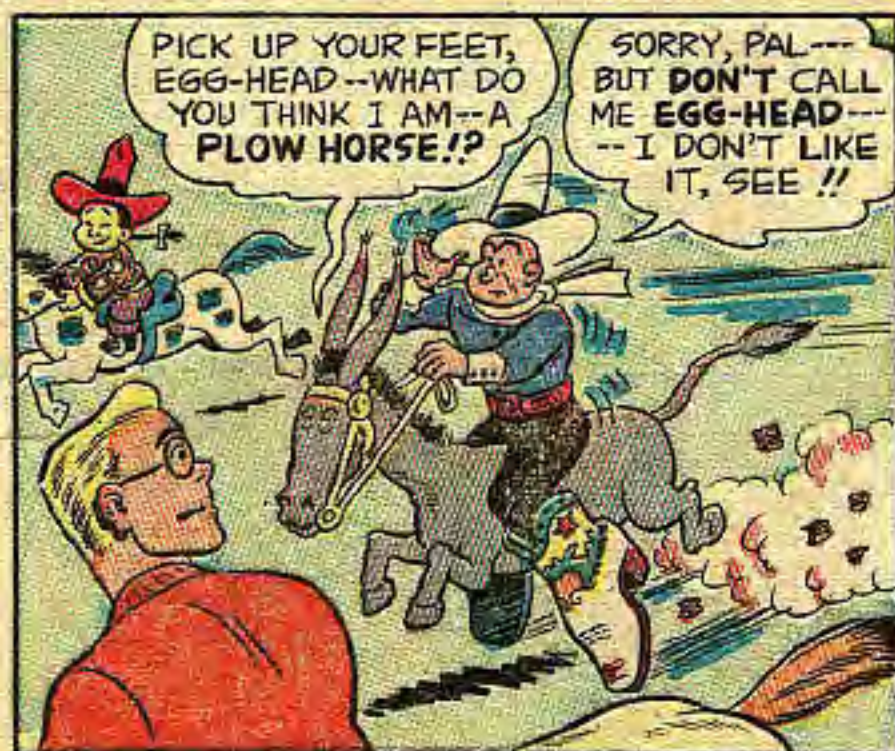
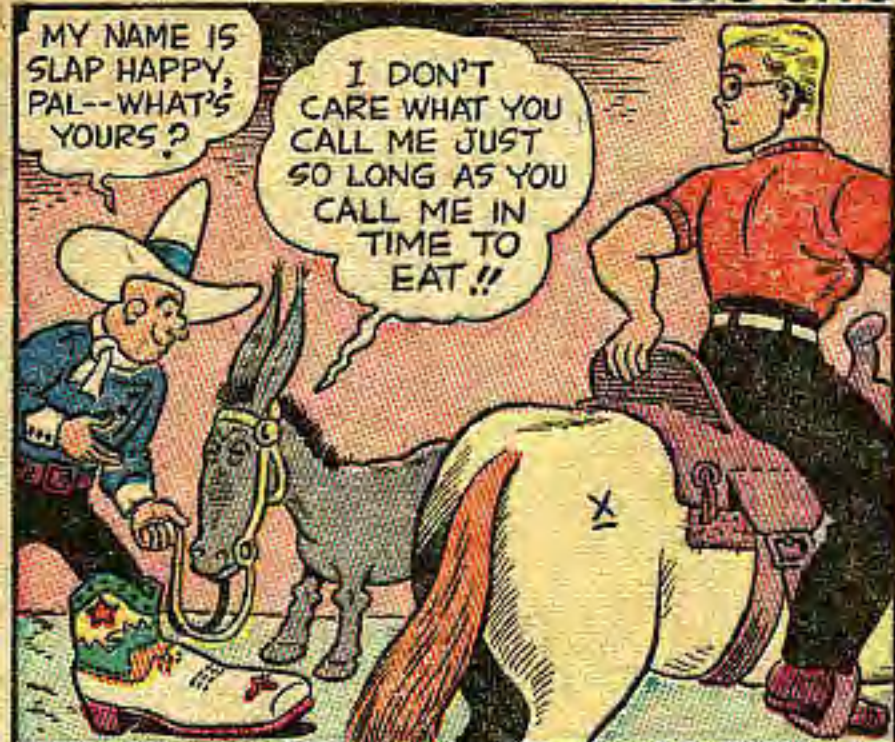
HERE'S A LITTLE GUY
JUST ABOUT RIGHT FOR
ME--TELL ME TH' TRUTH,
PAL--YOU AIN'T A
BRONCO, ARE YOU?

MULES CAN'T
TALK, SLAP
HAPPY!

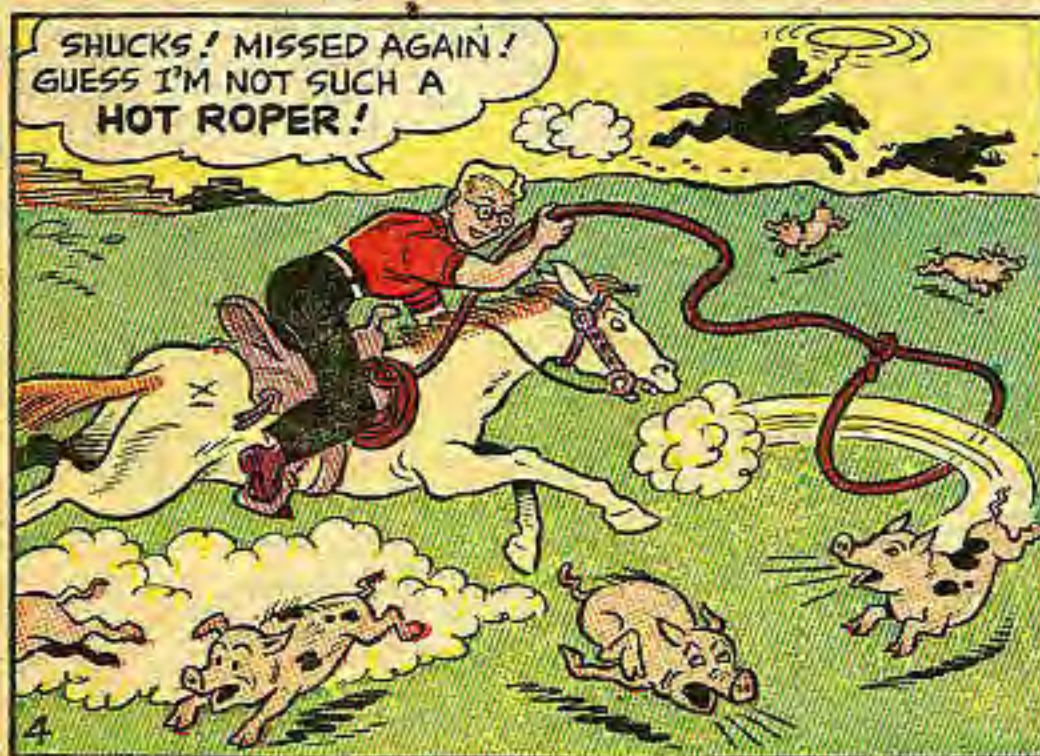
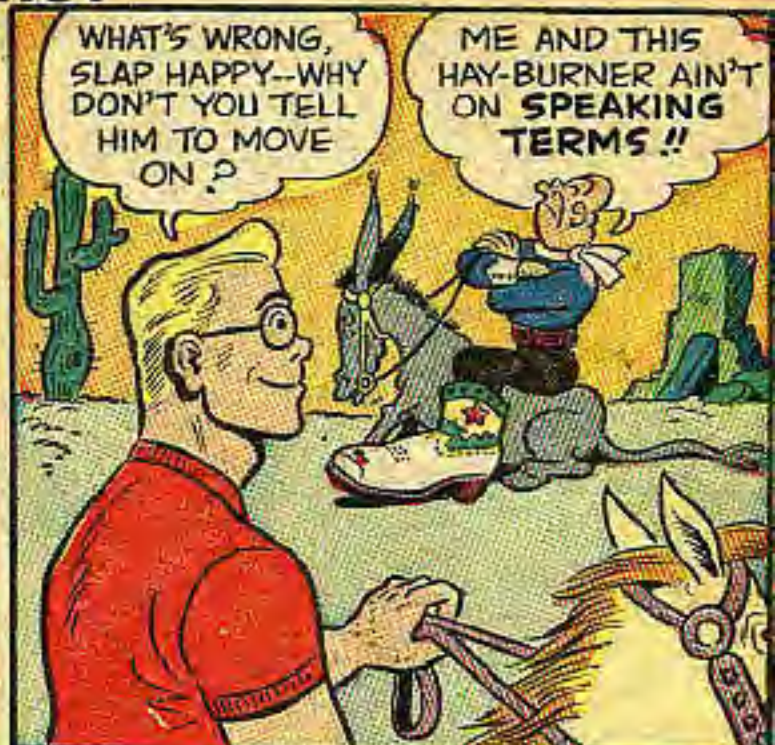
HOW CAN YOU TELL, DOC,
UNTIL YOU GIVE 'EM A
CHANCE?! I'VE LEARNED
THAT ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN
IN THIS COMIC BOOK!!

AW, HAVE A HEART, BIG
BOY--LEAVE THAT SADDLE
ON TH' FENCE! YOU'RE
ENOUGH TO CARRY
WITHOUT A BUNCH
OF LEATHER,
TOO!!

W-WHAT TH'-- D-DID YOU
HEAR THAT, DOC?!
H-HE CAN
TALK!



BIG SHOT

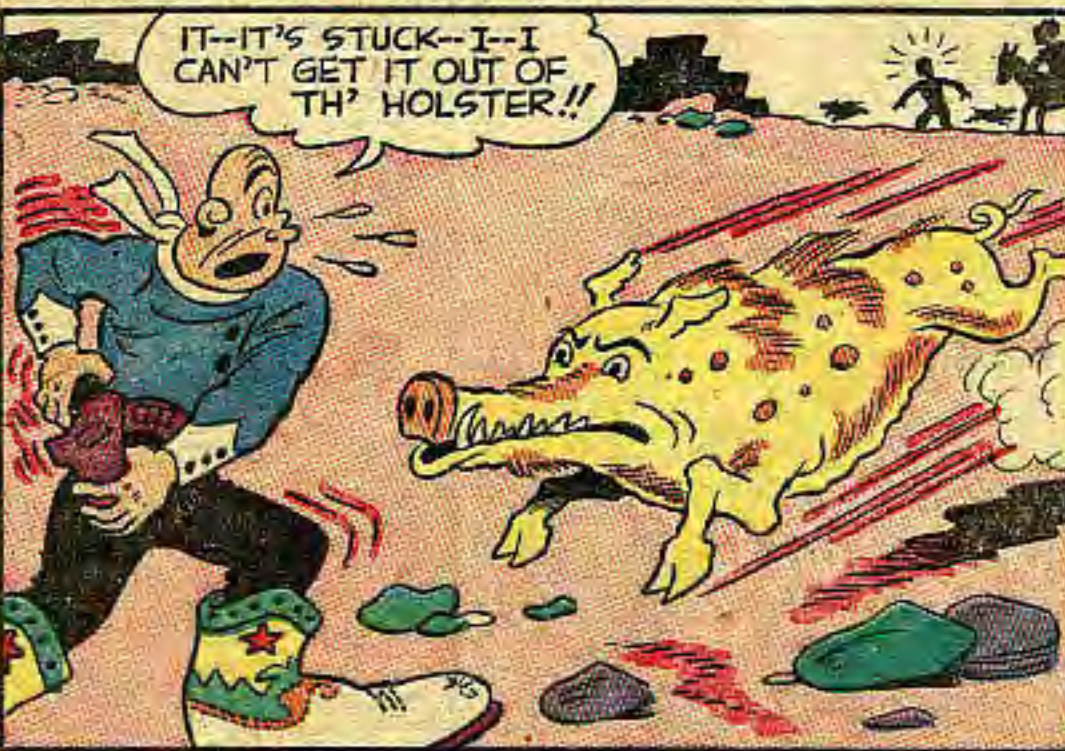


BIG SHOT

SPARKY! LOOK!! THE OLD SOW IS HEADING STRAIGHT FOR SLAP HAPPY!

AND HE DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO LASSO--THAT BEAST WILL RIP HIM TO SHREDS!!

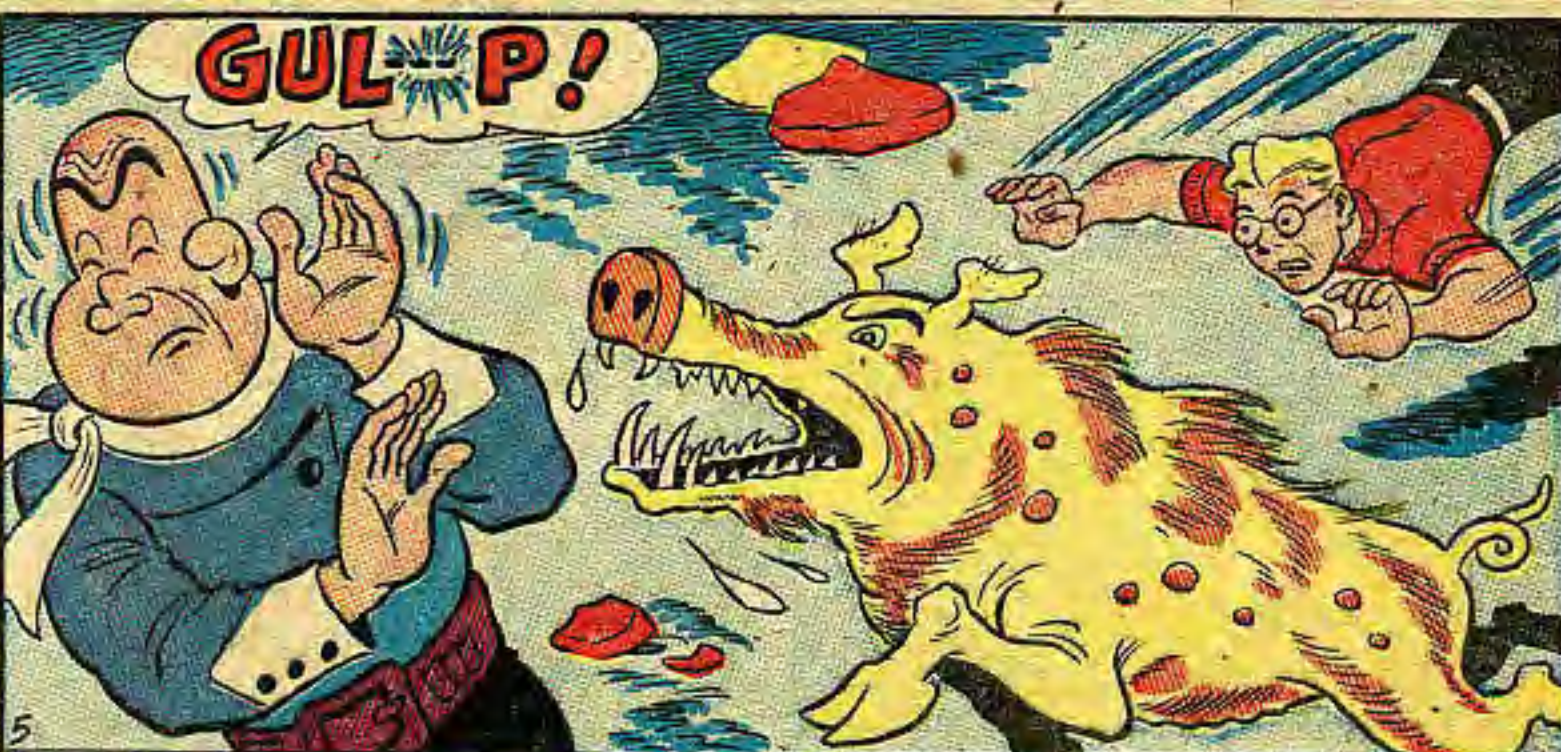
SLAP HAPPY!! DON'T TRY TO ROPE HER--USE YOUR PISTOL--THAT HOG IS A MAN-KILLER!!



IT--IT'S STUCK--I--I CAN'T GET IT OUT OF TH' HOLSTER!!

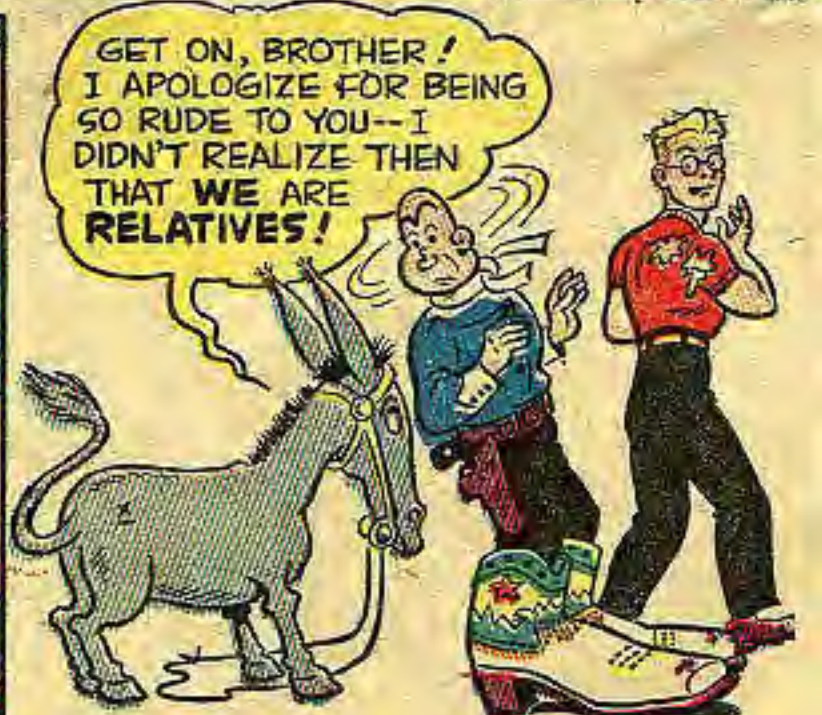
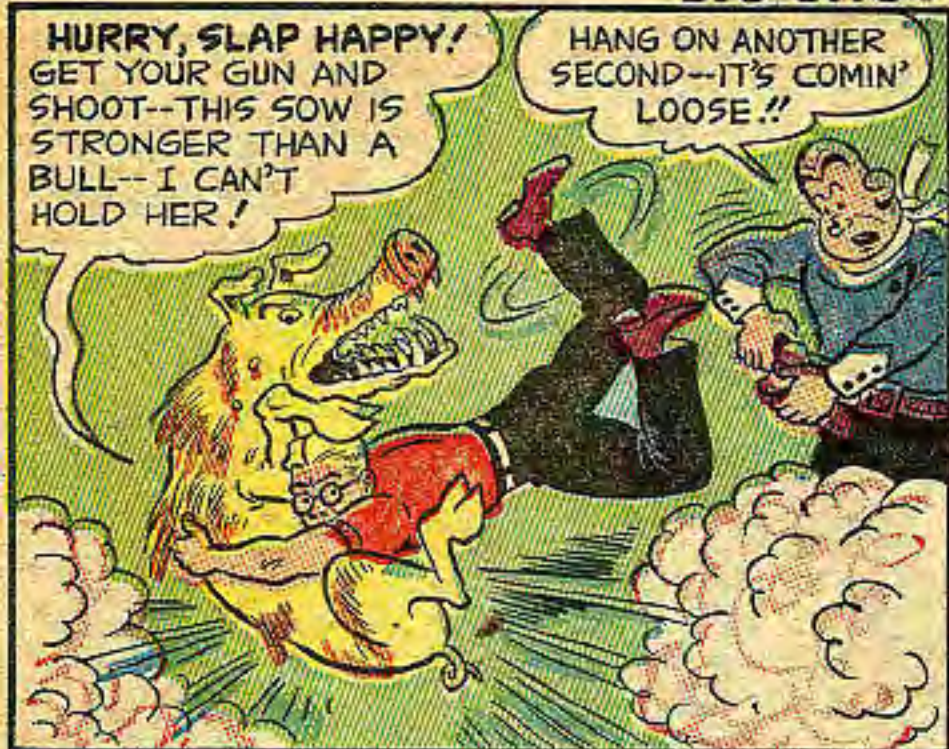


THEN IT'S UP TO ME! COME ON COSMIC RAYS--MAKE MY LEGS GO--OR SLAP HAPPY WILL LOSE HIS--



GULP!

BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

DIXIE DUGAN

By McEVOT and STRIEBEL

A CIRCUS MENAGERIE HAS BEEN LEFT WITH THE DUGANS. ONE EMPTY CAGE HAS THEM PUZZLED UNTIL DIXIE GOES INTO THE HOUSE AND DISCOVERS THE ESCAPEE.

I—I MUSTVE FAINTED

GASP



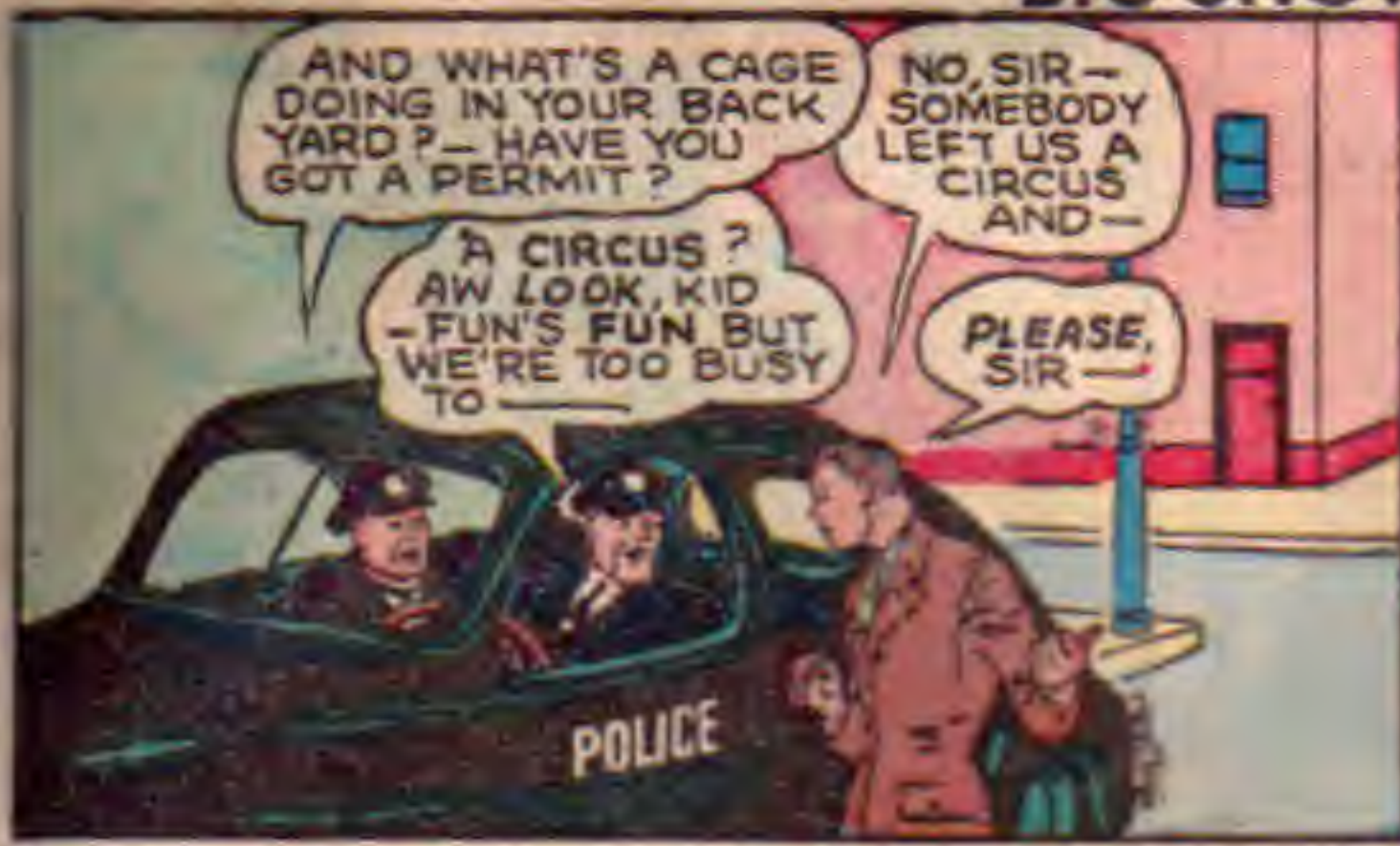
PHEW



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



AND SO IT'S THE END OF THE MONKEY BUSINESS
DIXIE DUGAN APPEARS EVERY MONTH IN BIG SHOT

MICKEY FINN



BIG SHOT



MICKEY FINN



BIG SHOT

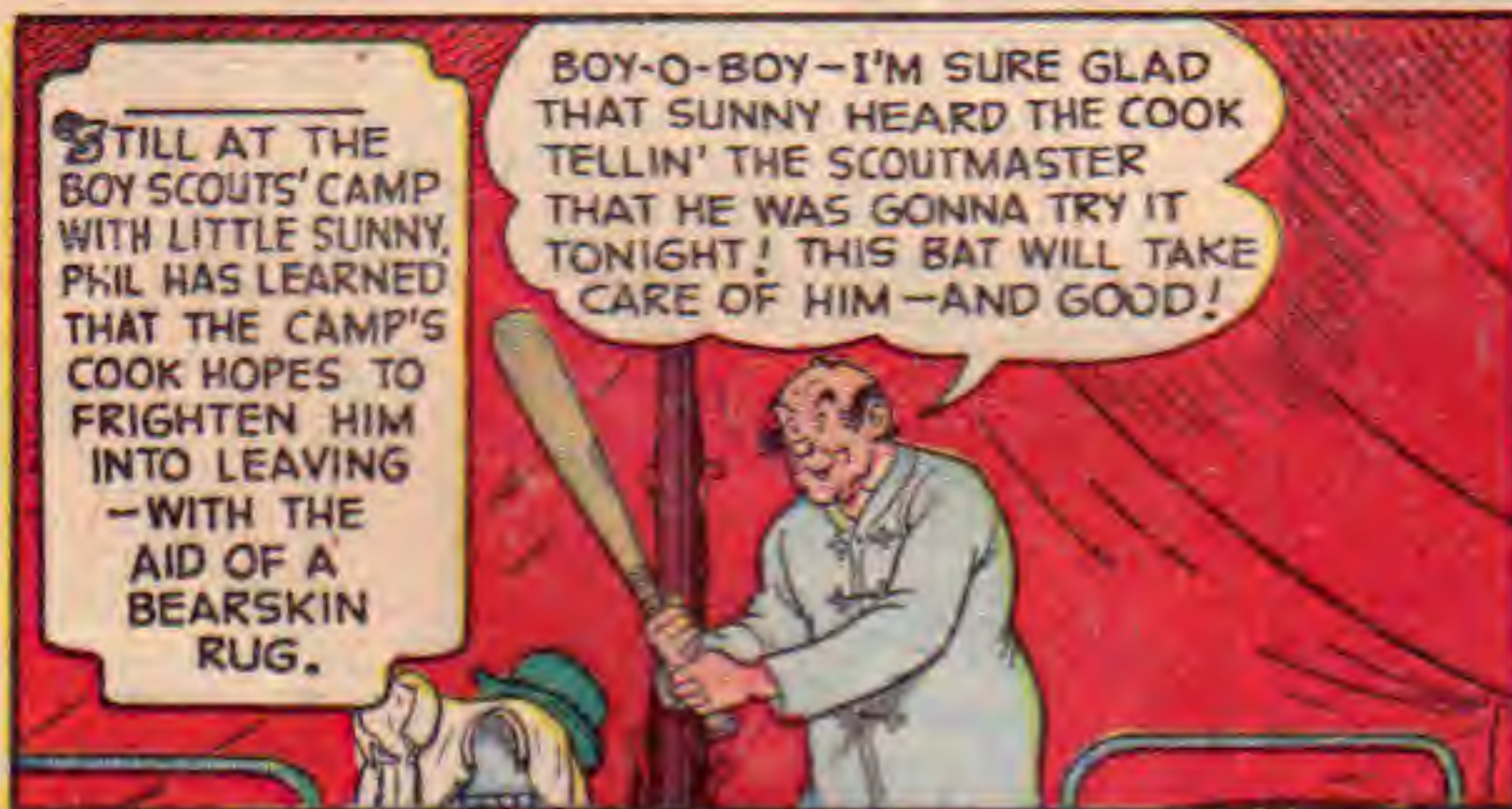


BIG SHOT

A WEEK QUICKLY PASSES AND



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT





Visitors for Tony Trent

By MART BAILEY

TONY TRENT stepped off the elevator at the twenty-seventh floor of Essex Towers, where he kept a three-room suite, and walked down the deserted corridor without the slightest suspicion that for him this was to be a night of danger and destiny.

It was only after he had closed the door of his apartment behind him that he *felt* the presence of an insidious evil in the dark about him. His ears detected no unusual sound; his eyes, still not dilated from the subdued light of the hall outside, saw nothing in the blackness; but a sudden, tingling chill iced up and down his spine, and fear of the unknown clutched at his scalp like an Indian with a knife.

Tony arrested his fingers before they touched the light switch. Every nerve in his tall, muscular body now alert, he pulled back his hand and swiftly, silently, instinctively reached into the armpit under his jacket, and smiled wryly to himself. These days he didn't carry a pistol. As chief of the news staff of radio station WBSC he thought his work was free of the occupational hazards that had dogged him as a war correspondent and later as a major in the United States Army. Apparently, he grinned to himself, he was wrong.

Nothing yet confirmed Tony's intuitive suspicion that something evil lay in wait for him—not a sound, not a stirring, nothing to indicate whether it was man or demon, or only his imagination. Tony was tempted to laugh at himself; but he remembered feeling this same creeping horror and revulsion one night in a village near Bombay a few seconds before coming face to face with a deadly cobra poised to strike in the dark.

His eyes were becoming accustomed to the unlighted room. But the Venetian blinds were down and very little of the neon and incandescent illumination from Columbus Circle crept between the drawn slats of the Venetian blinds that faced Central Park. Still there was enough light to see that someone had been busily and thoroughly ransacking the place. The sofa cushions had been thrown off the carpet; sections of the sofa had been ripped; the oil-painted landscapes had been pulled down from the walls, and papers from his desk had been scattered from the limply open drawers.

Tony Trent found himself getting angry. If the ransacker were still in the room, Tony Trent would teach him not to meddle again among other people's private affairs.

Only a few seconds had elapsed since he entered the apartment. He could still reach out and turn on the lights without indicating his suspicions of the evil thing that lurked somewhere nearby. He thought of doing so. After all, he had been silhouetted long enough in the open doorway against the corridor light for whoever lay in wait for him to throw a knife or fire a pistol. But until he had armed himself, he didn't want to put himself completely at the mercy of whoever was watching. If he could reach the desk, and if the pistol were still there—

Tony Trent dropped to his hands and knees, and started crawling on all fours across the rug. His movements were swift and silent, like those of a cat; yet at every moment he could feel eyes watching him, and he felt foolish and completely helpless.

Touching the carved foot of the mahogany desk, his clammy, wet hand slid up towards the drawer where he kept his automatic. Almost frantically his fingers groped inside—but the automatic was *gone*!

A floor board creaked in protest against some heavy, unseen body. Tony caught his breath.

There was a bronze statue on the desk, a trophy he had won at college. It would serve for a weapon.

Tony reached for it—and his wrist was gripped by an iron hand!

Tony flailed out with his other fist, but the fist flailed on empty air. Against the dark wall he saw a darker silhouette, as of a huge, apish man. Then powerful arms pulled him close in a suffocating bear hug.

Furiously Tony struggled. With a violent heave he broke free, and swung his fist at what he judged was the creature's jaw. This time his fist connected. The creature hurtled backwards, knocked over a coffee table, and battered against the wall.

At the very same instant the electric lights clicked on.

"We have had enough violence, I think," growled a throaty voice.

BIG SHOT

Almost blinded by the sudden sharp brilliance of the ceiling lights, Tony saw first only the giant sprawled on the carpet. But the briefest glance told him that, for the moment at least, the unconscious brute was incapable of speech. *Someone else was in the room!* The hackles rose on Tony's neck as he realized that behind him stood an accomplice, possibly more dangerous than the brute on the floor.

"Do not attempt anything that should make me squeeze this trigger," said the throaty voice, and Tony, turning slowly, looked into the muzzle of an automatic pistol.

The man behind the pistol was medium-sized but chunky, and he wore a black domino mask that concealed the upper portion of his face. Below the mask his thin-lipped mouth was grim and his jutting jaw-line brutal. Despite this, however, he evidently prided himself upon being a man of culture. His expensive, immaculate clothes were freshly pressed, and he pronounced his words meticulously, like an educated foreigner. The fingers which pointed the automatic pistol at Tony Trent's head were neatly manicured.

"What do you want?" demanded Tony Trent. His body was deceptively relaxed, like that of a caged tiger, every muscle ready to snap into instant action at the smallest opportunity.

"A letter," replied the masked man.

"A letter?"

"Yes, a letter which a compatriot of mine had smuggled into this country. It contains a lot of nonsense. You know the sort of thing—that our new government is murdering the people who disagree with it, and all the other unpleasant propaganda."

"If it is just nonsense," asked Tony Trent, "what are you afraid of?"

"Some people might believe it, not knowing that the writer has—has gone insane—and been confined to a—mental institution. Should public opinion in this country be sufficiently aroused by the lunatic ravings of that letter, the loan which my government proposes to obtain from the United States might be jeopardized."

Tony Trent eyed his visitor critically. "What is the name of your government?" he asked.

"I am not here to answer your questions," growled the masked man. "You know, if you have read the letter. Give it to me."

Tony Trent shrugged. "I have no such letter."

"Do not trifle with me!" warned the masked man. "We have gone to great lengths to get that letter. We shall not stop at murder."

"You're wasting your time," said Tony Trent. "If there is such a letter, it hasn't arrived yet."

"Enough talking," snapped the masked man, his eyes glinting behind the slits of the black mask. "Come closer, so I can search you."

As Tony started to move forward, the door buzzer sounded—so suddenly that the masked man forgot his caution and turned momentarily

in the direction of the door. And in that moment Tony Trent struck. The masked man, his head jerked violently back by Tony's swift uppercut, flew across the room, slammed against the wall, and crumpled beside the still unconscious giant.

"Anything wrong, Mister Trent?" inquired a voice through the metal door.

Tony picked up the automatic pistol. "Everything's under control," he said, and opened the door.

"Yes, sir," said the wizened bellhop, his eyes bugging from the pistol in Tony's hand to the two men sprawled over the broken coffee table in the disordered room.

Taking the letter from the bellhop's numb fingers, Tony glanced briefly at the scrawled handwriting on the bulky, soiled envelope. Instantly there flashed in his memory a vision of one of the world's most famous editors, old Bradicich, one of the real liberals on the Continent, who for decades had warned of the dreadful thing that would take possession of Europe like seven thousand demons, so that no man would be able to call his soul his own. And now old Bradicich's predictions were coming to pass like the prophecies of the Bible, and nation after nation was being consumed by the Dreadful Thing. Even kindly old Bradicich, according to the masked man, had been dragged off to an asylum, which was really a torture chamber. Anger stirred within Tony Trent.

Only a split second had elapsed since he first fingered the travel-scuffed envelope which somehow had escaped from the prison house that was once a happy country. He did not yet try to read the document, which had been passed on like a sacred thing by so many trembling hands, which had been smuggled out of that afflicted nation with one last hope that finally, above the glib oratory of dishonest diplomats, the truth might be heard like a cry for help, like a prayer to the Almighty for deliverance.

And, miracle of miracles, the cry for help had got through despite all the vigilance and violence of those who would have strangled it. Within an hour Tony Trent would be speaking over radio station WBSC to all America with the voice of old Editor Bradicich, with the voice of all enslaved Europe.

Tony Trent smiled. "You aren't a foreign spy, are you?" he asked the bellhop, joking.

"Me?" The bellhop made a grimace. "Naw, I'm a member of the Hotel Workers' and Maintenance Operators' Union—in good standing."

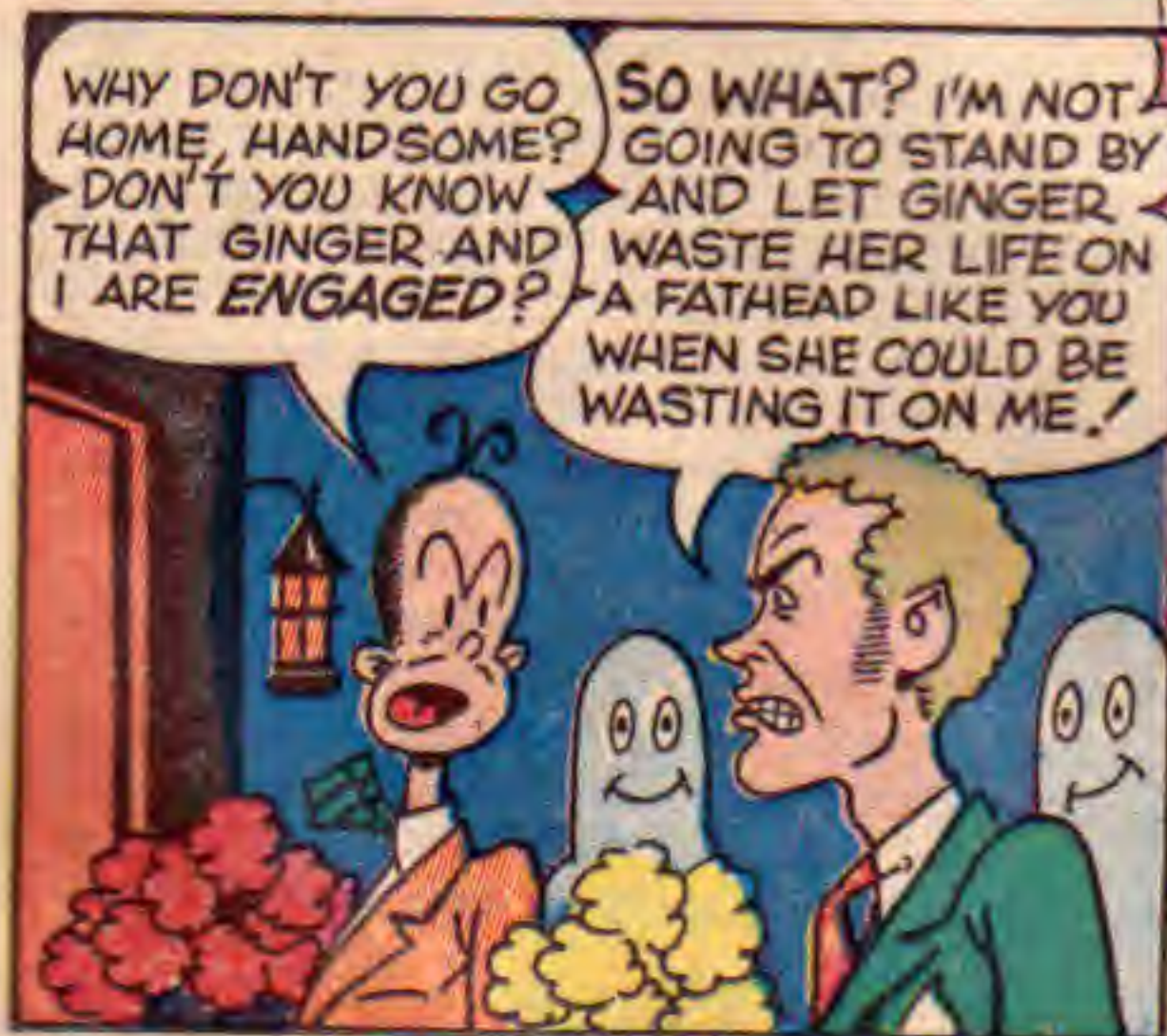
"Then," said Tony Trent quietly, "you'd better call the police."

The bellhop looked at the crumpled forms of the unconscious men in the disordered room. He winked at Tony. "Right!" he said. "Though what they really need is an ambulance!"

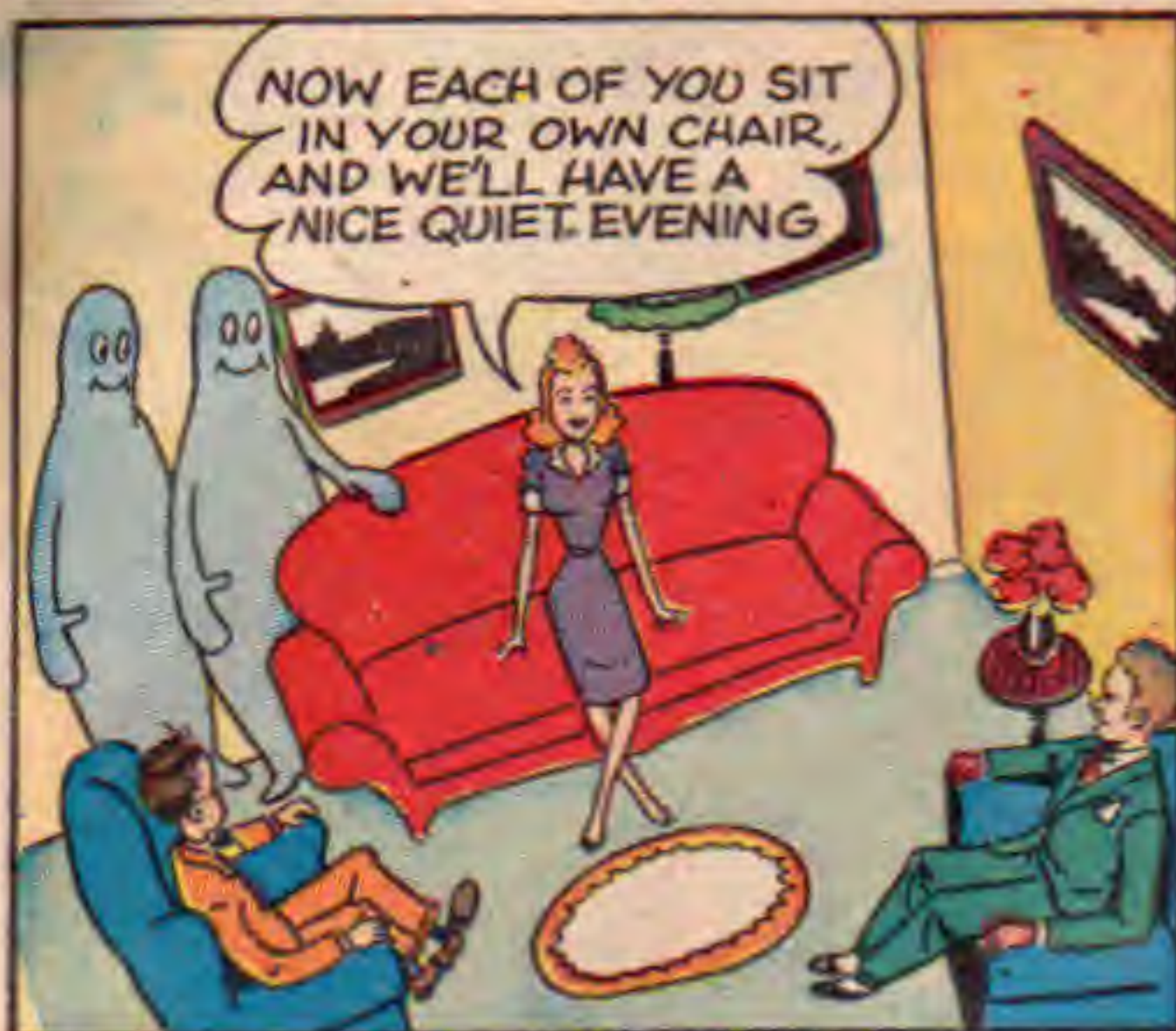
THE END

BRASS KNUCKLES

by MARTY



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



Large, Accurate SWEEP-SECOND HAND

EVERY WATCH GUARANTEED
to be in perfect running order. All are brand new, imported direct from Switzerland to our large Southern warehouse to you! Because of the sensational cut-price nature of this money-saving offer ALL SALES ARE FINAL!

SPECIAL SERVICE GUARANTEE
We maintain a complete Service and Repair Department and offer our customers only the lowest price watch repair service on our watches only. Yes, if from accidental overwinding, hard usage or abuse, the watch you purchase from us stops running within a year, simply return it to us for cleaning and repairs together with \$1—Yes, only \$1, and we will return it to you in perfect running order postpaid.

Extra!

You've Seen These **STAINLESS STEEL EXPANSION BANDS** Advertised at far higher prices!



Now Only **25¢**

Now available to you at a fractional of their original cost with your watch order.

Now Only **49¢**

Ladies

We Reserve the right to Reject Orders After Present stock is exhausted!

Use in America At This Low Price
1947 Genuine, Exquisite LADIES SWISS WRIST WATCHES

Former OPA Ceiling
\$1250

\$6.98

NONE SOLD TO DEALERS

SAVE ALMOST **50%**

AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, Importers—Dept. W-33
9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Alabama

CHECK ONE: ☐ I am enclosing \$..... ☐ Ship C.O.D. I'll pay Postman \$..... plus postage.

Quantity	Description	Price	Total
1947 Imported Swiss Watches WITH SWEEP SECOND HAND		\$4.98	
1947 Imported Swiss Watches WITH OUT Sweep Second Hand		\$3.98	
1947 Imported Swiss Watches with Sweep Second Hand and RADIUM DIAL		\$5.50	
1947 LADIES' MODEL, Imported Swiss Watch		plus 60c tax	
MEN'S Stainless Steel Watch Band		plus 50c tax	
WOMEN'S Stainless Steel Watch Band		plus 70c tax	
		25c tax free	
		49c tax free	

LIMIT: 3 watches and 3 bands to customer.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

We're Out To Undersell The World At The Risk Of
LOSING OUR SHIRTS!

We've Been Warned!

**Too Risky!
Too Daring!
Can't Be Done!**

WE'RE DOING IT!

BECAUSE: We believe in big volume at **Penny-Profit** and not big profits on a small volume.
BECAUSE: We believe every reader of this review watch for himself or a loved one who needs a wrist
Wrist Watches at almost **HALF PRICE!**
BECAUSE: In addition to our **Penny-Profit Policy** contact eliminates all costly middleman profits.

THOUSANDS SOLD AT ALMOST TWICE THE PRICE!

Yes, in the past two years, we ourselves have sold tens of thousands of these fine watches to satisfied customers all over the nation. They were a beauty gain at only \$8.50 for the men's and \$12.50 for the ladies' because they compare in style and to \$6.98 they're really a steal. Today—at only \$4.98 **THIS OFFER MAY NEVER BE REPEATED!**

Yes, unless we receive the quick action in huge volume that this amazing effort to bring you a bargain deserves, our loss may run into thousands upon thousands of dollars.

This offer and raise our prices to almost double the price that these watches are selling for elsewhere. **So don't delay! ACT TODAY! Now! Remember, you gain regardless even though we may lose our shirts!**

Direct From Switzerland To You
Price-Cut To The Bone

1947 GENUINE Imported SWISS MEN'S WRIST WATCHES

We dare anyone to meet the price!

\$4.98

Former OPA Ceiling \$8.50

SAVE ALMOST 50%

NONE SOLD TO DEALERS

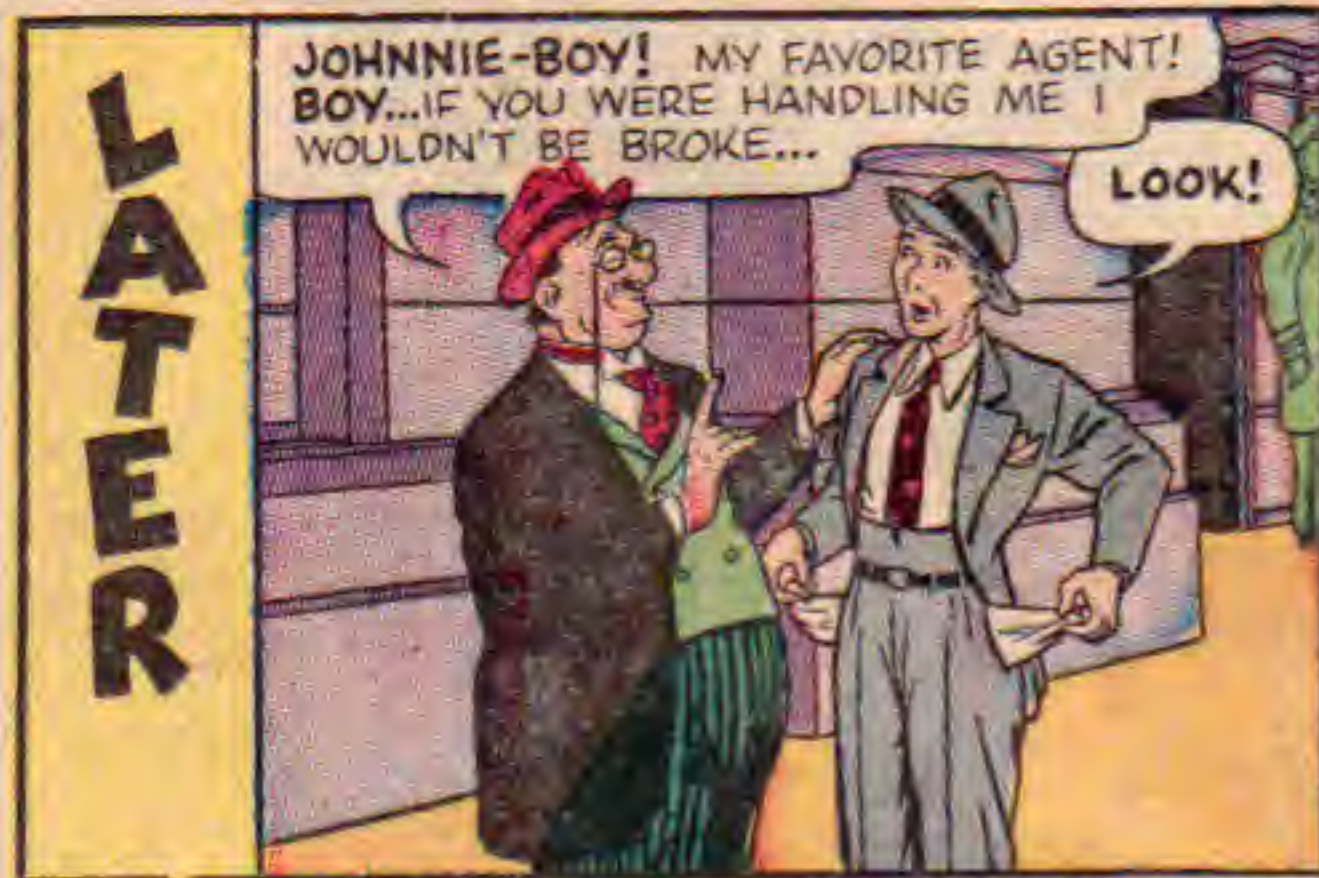
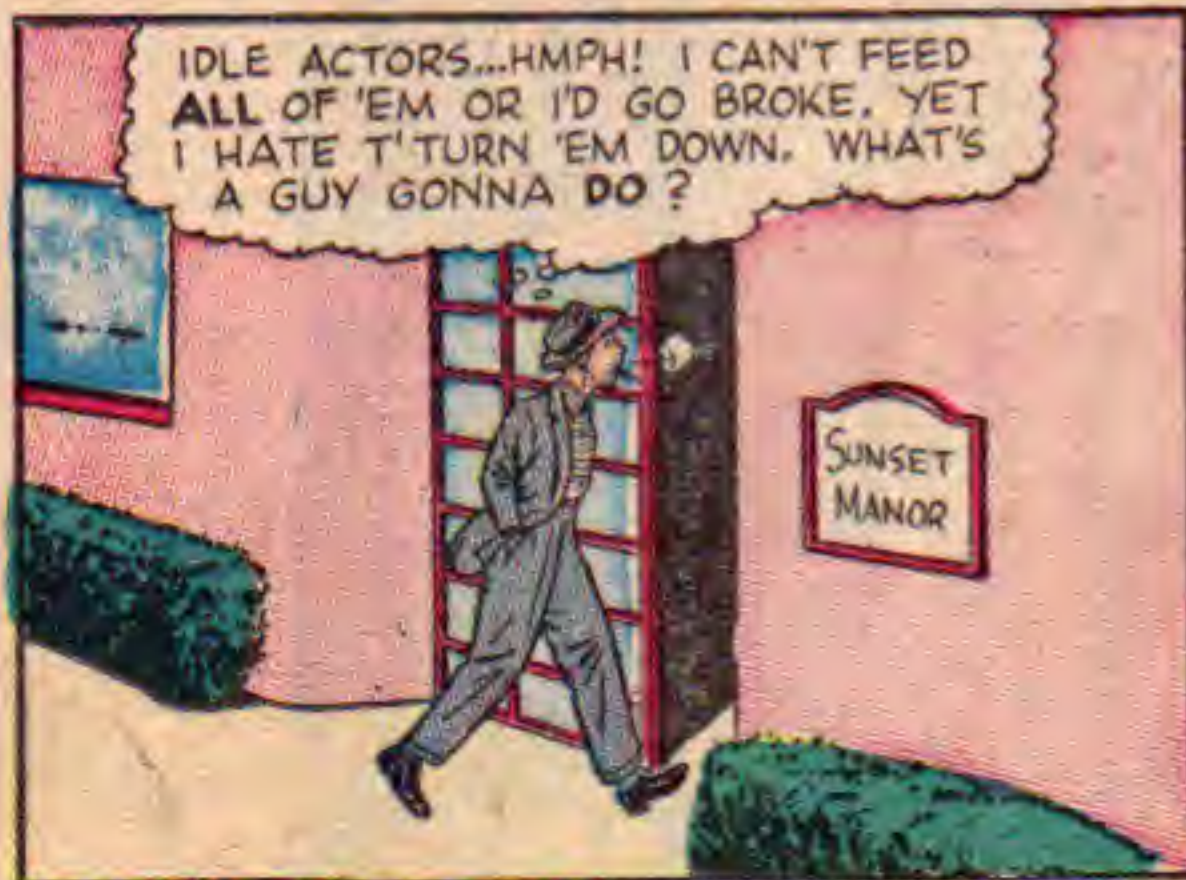
Out They Go At This Low Price Regardless of loss!

Genuine, Imported SWISS MOVEMENT

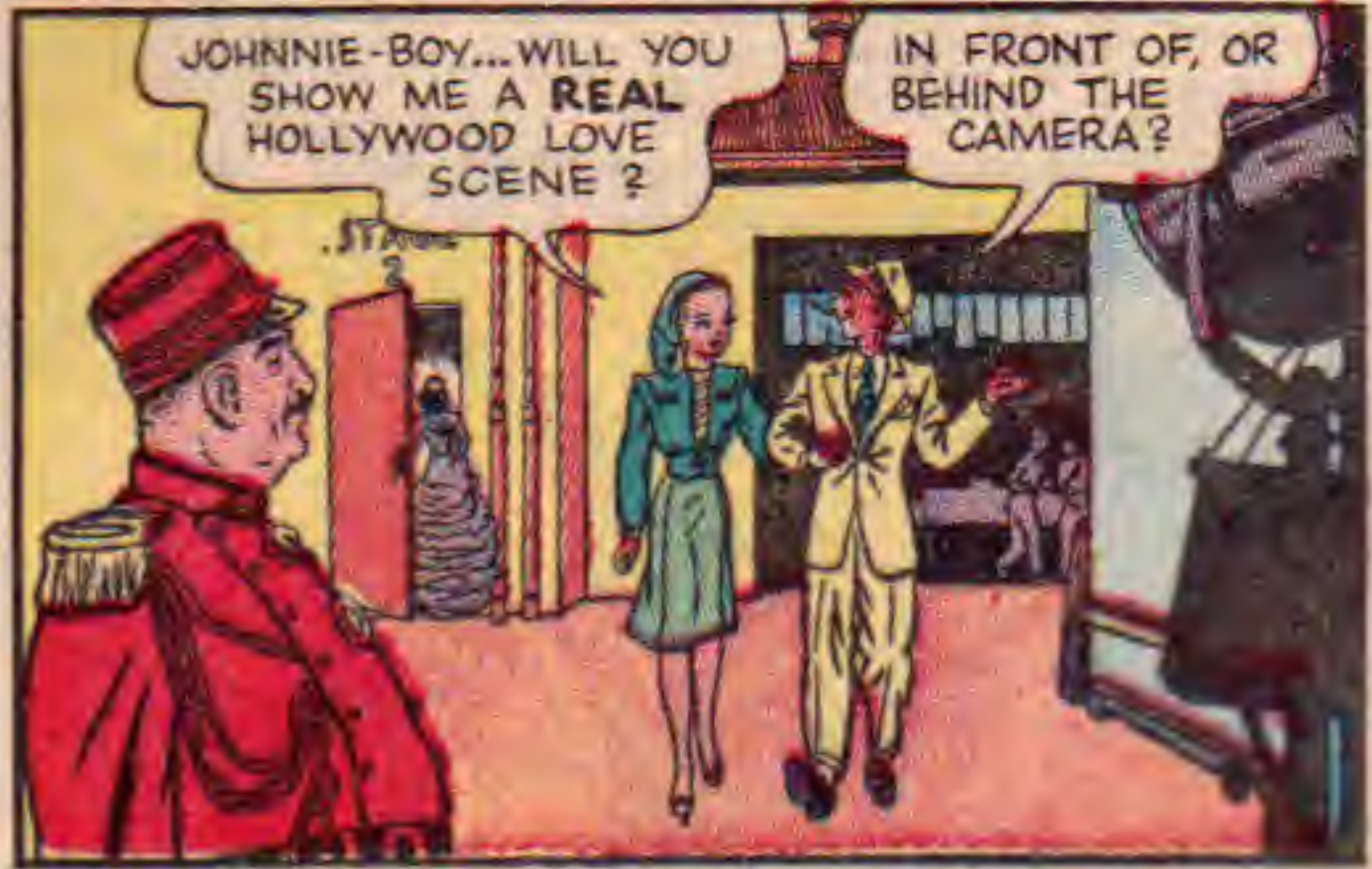
Chrome-Plated



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT





NICKEL PLATED TOY PISTOL

**CATAPULT
ACTION**

**Shoots
With a Bang!**

Shoots Peas, Beans
Beads, Paper Wads, etc.

Just the toy for "he-man" boys!
Big and real-looking—5½ inches
long. Nickel plated.

It's Accurate!

It's Harmless!

Shoots with amazing accuracy, yet
it's harmless. Ideal for games and
target practice. All-
steel construction.
Nothing to
get out of
order.

49c

KREST, INC.

19303 W. DAVISON
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KREST, INC.
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I enclose _____ for
Catapult Action Toy Pistols

Name _____

Address _____

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All in a Lifetime



FREE... Rhodesian Bi-colored Waterfall
Stamp and Old issues from El Salvador—plus
25 different World Wide stamps. All free to
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PLADON STAMP CO.

1717-BC IDAHO STREET, TOLEDO 5, OHIO

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Includes stamps from Tanganyika, British
Ceylon Islands—Animal—Scarce Babyhead—
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Stamps—with Big Catalogue—all free—send
5c. for postage.

GRAY STAMP COMPANY

Dept. BC Toronto, Canada

Your Money's Worth!

BIG BARGAIN! Includes SEYCHELLES (Big
Beauty), DJIBOUTI (gorgeous), ANGOLA
(Africa) and set of Chinese Hunger Stamps.
Together with over 100 different other stamps.
Everything only 10c to approval applicants.
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World's Largest Triangle Stamp

included in Rare Russian Set of picturesque
designs, mammoth stamps. This complete set
including giant triangle retails for \$3.00 but
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STAMP SERVICE, Box 344E, Hollywood Sta-
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POSITIVELY GREATEST FREE OFFER

Latest Scott's International \$6.00 stamp album
—covering entire world, contains 36,000 illustrated
descriptive spaces; Scott's 1948 Standard \$7.00
catalogues, "Philately's Encyclopedia"—absolutely
free to applicants for foreign approvals becoming
customers. AMERICAS' STAMP SERVICE—RED-
LANDS, CALIFORNIA.

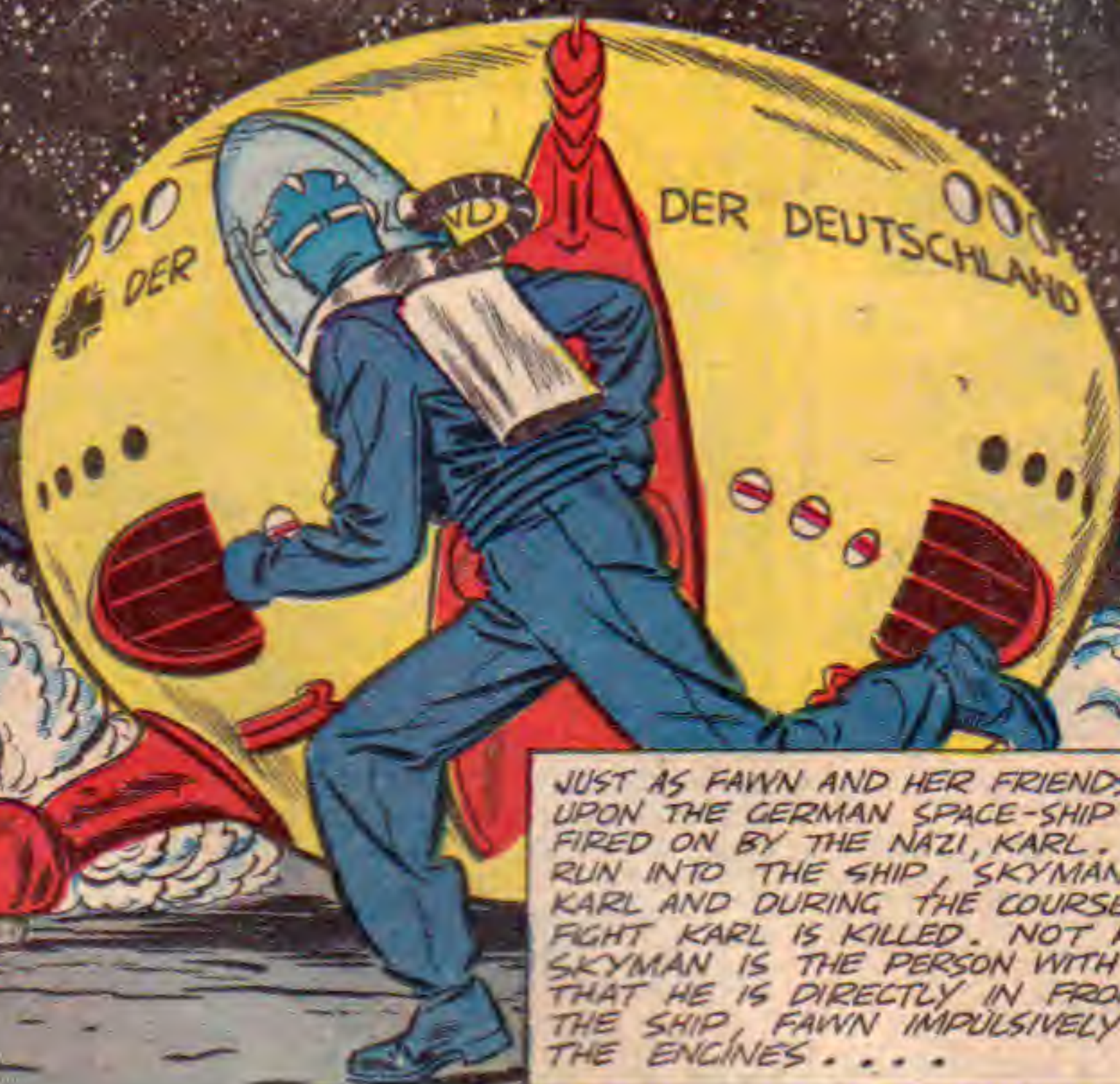
WOW!! \$10.00 WORTH OF FUN—ONLY 10c!

What a treasure hunt! Big package 500 FOREIGN STAMPS
—just as received from foreign missions, other sources. In-
cludes stamps from Africa, South America, Philippines,
Free French, Cape Juby, Palestine, etc., including air-
mails, commemoratives, and stamps worth up to 50c and
75c. This amazing offer is given for 10c to serious approval
applicants only. One to a customer, money back if not
more than delighted. Jamestown Stamp Co., Dept. 25
Jamestown, New York

STAMPS VALUED UP TO 50c & 75c EACH!

The SKYMAN

By *Clyde Whitney*



JUST AS FAWN AND HER FRIENDS COME UPON THE GERMAN SPACE-SHIP THEY ARE FIRED ON BY THE NAZI, KARL. AS THEY RUN INTO THE SHIP, SKYMAN JUMPS KARL AND DURING THE COURSE OF THE FIGHT KARL IS KILLED. NOT REALIZING SKYMAN IS THE PERSON WITH KARL, AND THAT HE IS DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THE SHIP, FAWN IMPULSIVELY STARTS THE ENGINES



THAT FIGURE!
YOU'RE GOING
TO RUN HIM
DOWN!

I CAN'T TURN
THE SHIP -- AND I
CAN'T **STOP!**



IT'S COMING TOO
FAST! I CAN'T GET
OUT OF THE WAY!



IN THE GLARE OF THE LIGHTS -- DID YOU SEE? IT WAS ---

SKYMAN!



IF HE ESCAPED BEING CRUSHED BY THE SHIP -- HE MOST CERTAINLY WOULD BE BURNED ALIVE BY THE ENGINE BLAST!

ALEC! DON'T! FAWN!

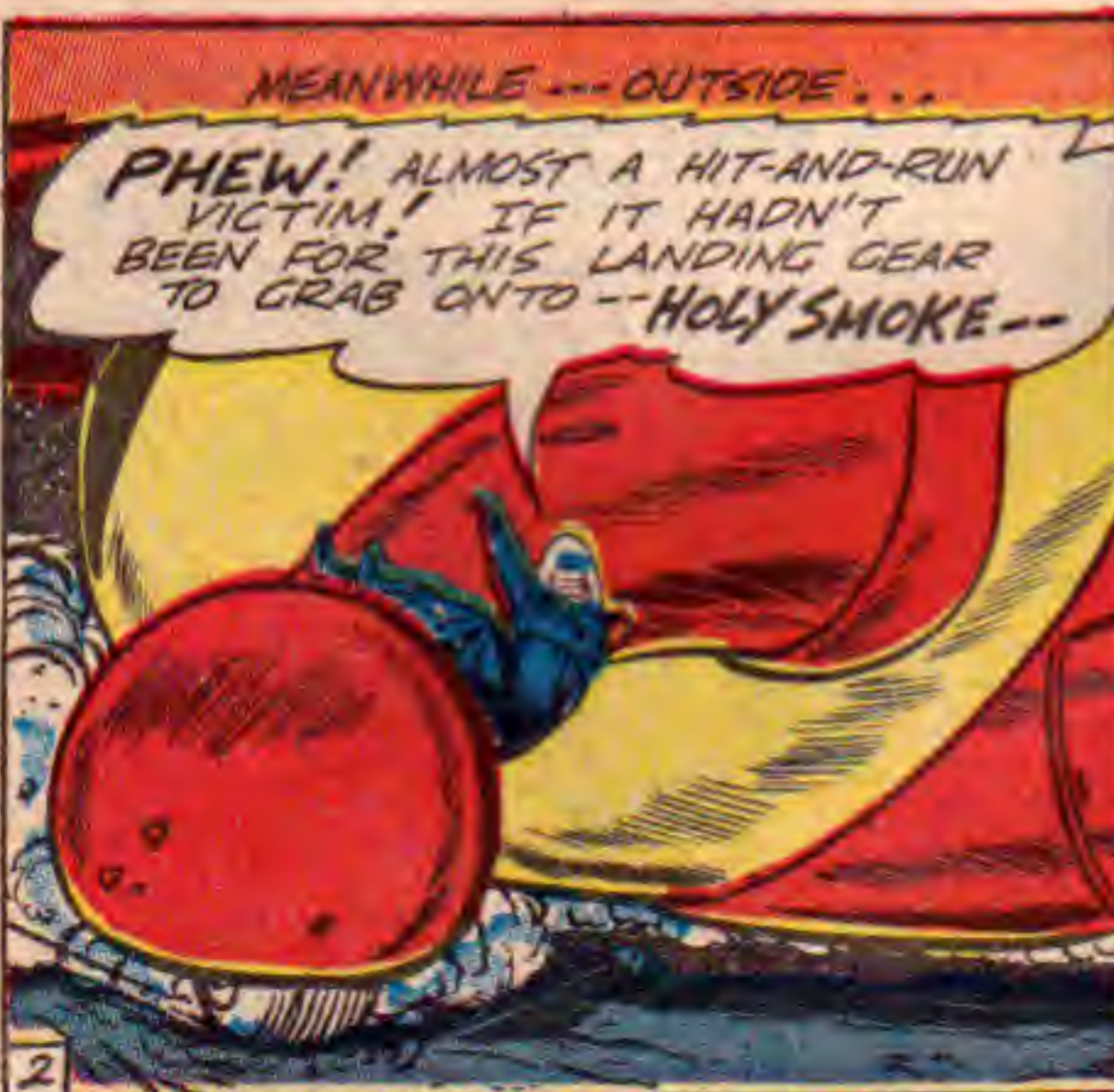


SHE ISN'T PRETENDING THIS TIME, POOR KID! SHE'S OUT! BUT GOOD!

TRY TO BRING HER AROUND WHILE I SEE IF I CAN STOP THIS THING!

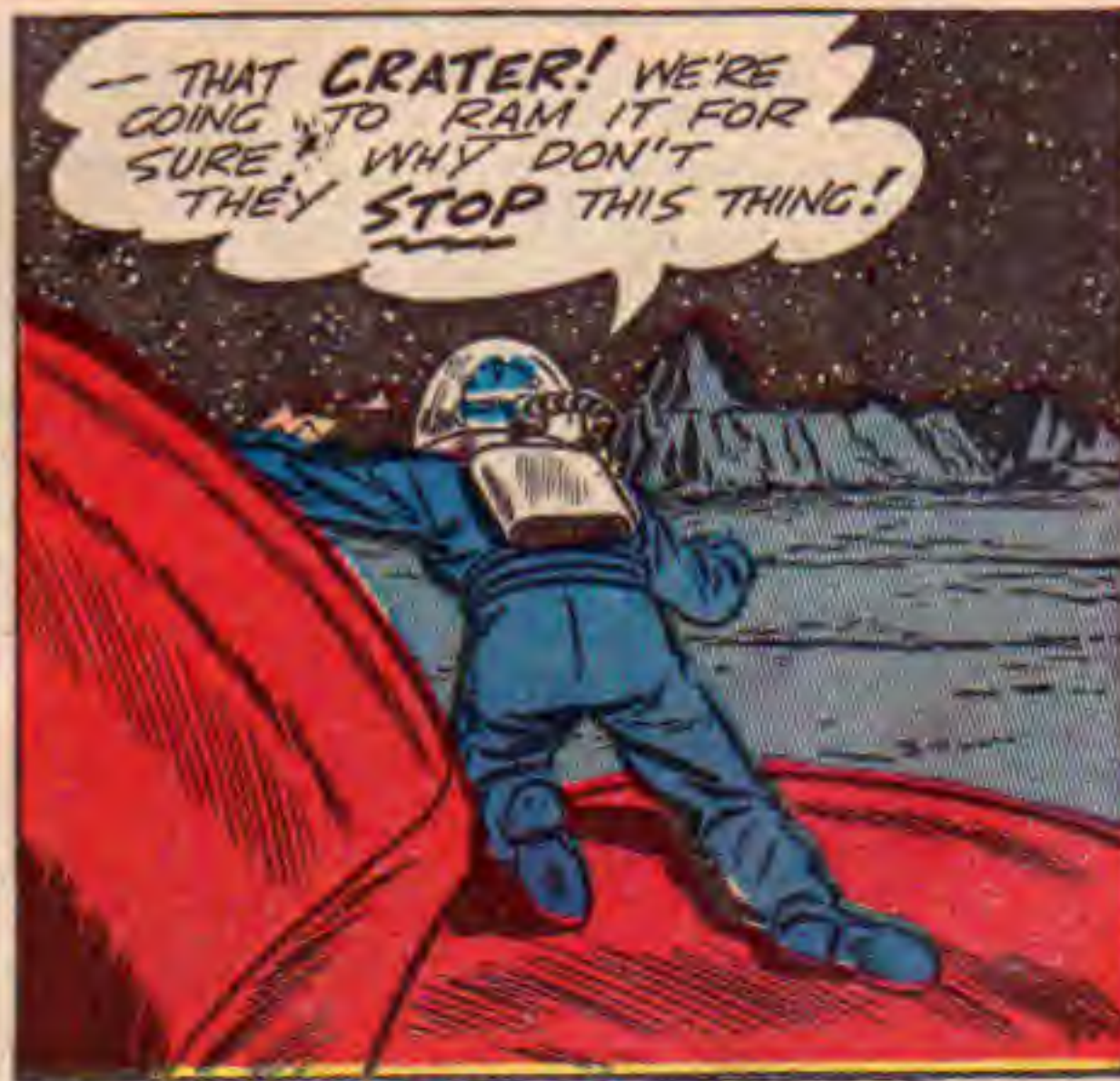


SO MANY LEVERS AND KNOBS! WHICH ONE IS IT?

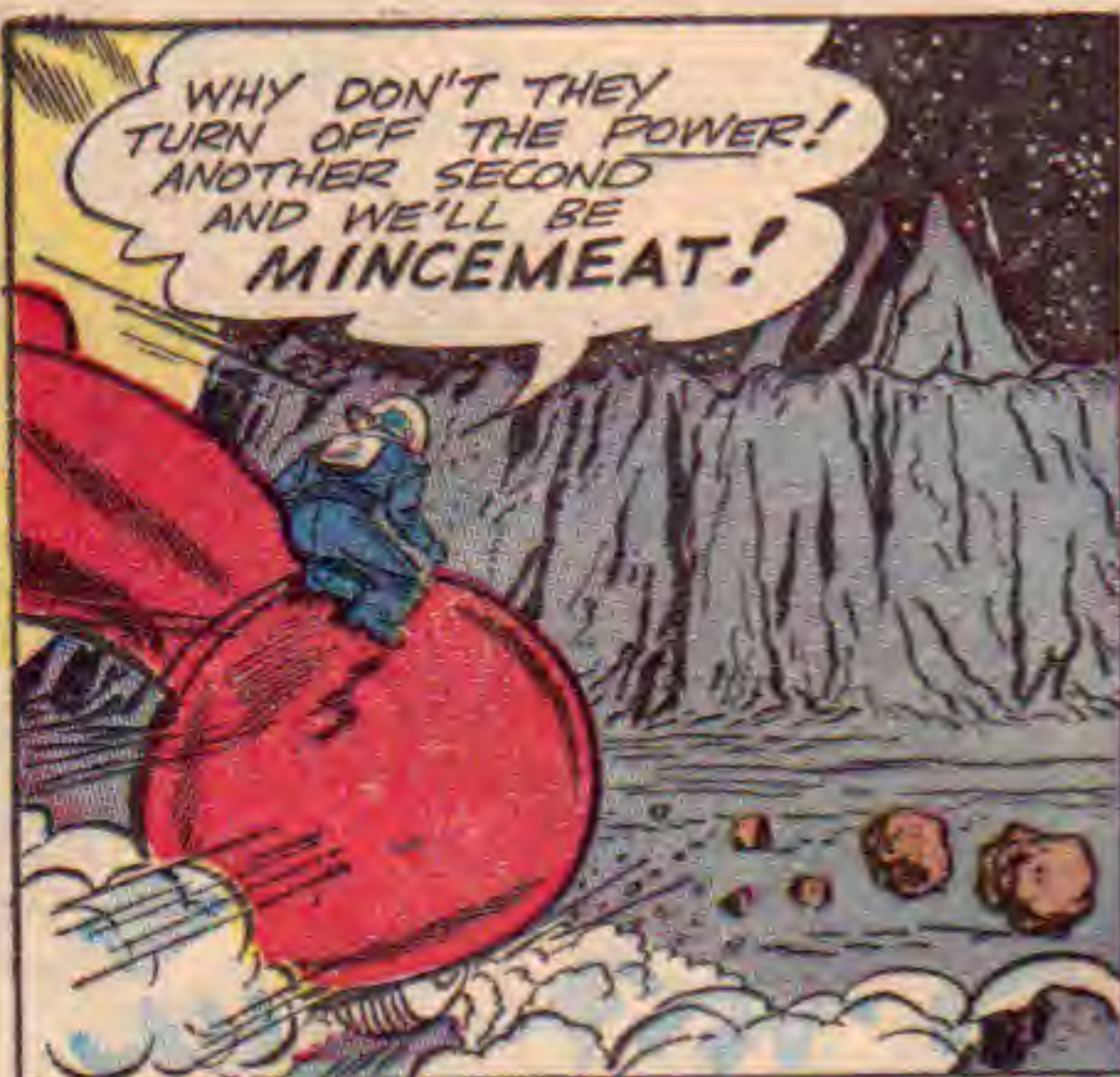


MEANWHILE --- OUTSIDE ---

PHEW! ALMOST A HIT-AND-RUN VICTIM! IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THIS LANDING GEAR TO GRAB ONTO -- **HOLY SMOKE --**

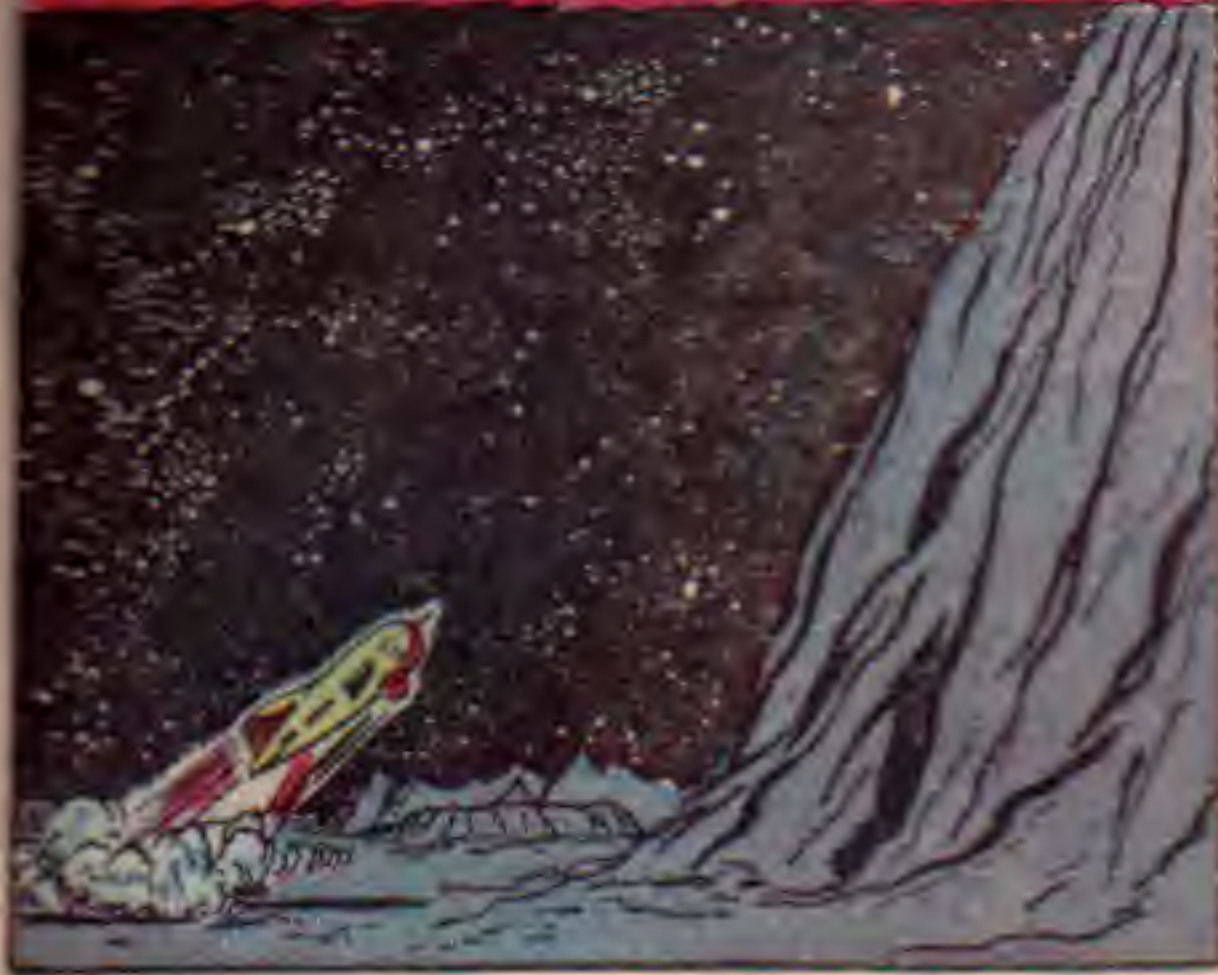


--- THAT **CRATER!** WE'RE GOING TO RAM IT FOR SURE! WHY DON'T THEY **STOP** THIS THING!

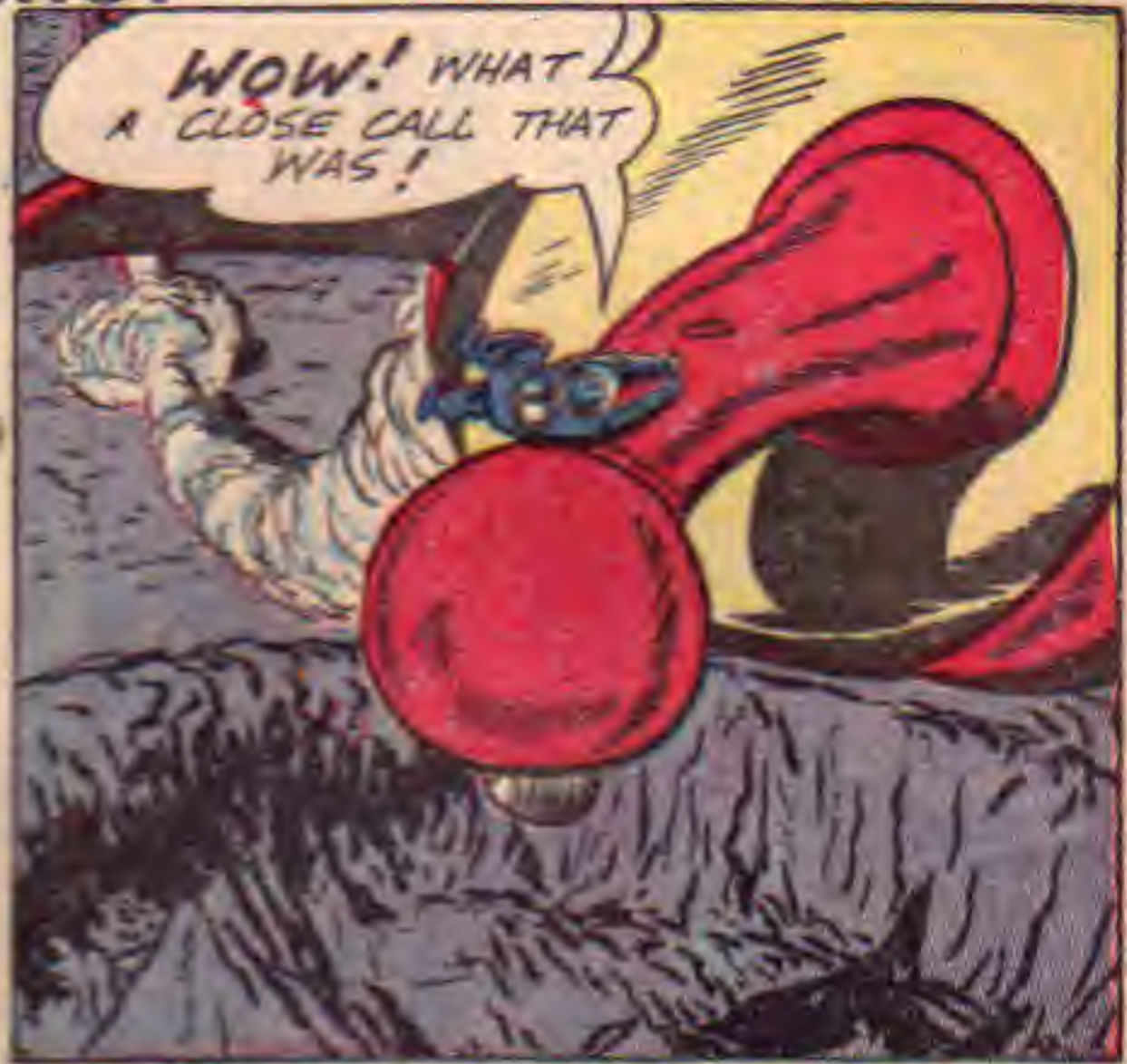


BIG SHOT

FAWN PULLS THE LEVER, THE ASCENT
BUCKET GOES INTO OPERATION AND THE
RE SHIP SUDDENLY LURCHES UPWARD...



WOW! WHAT
A CLOSE CALL THAT
WAS!



PHEW! I
NEVER WANT
TO GO THROUGH
THAT AGAIN!

FAWN, YOU
SAVED OUR
LIVES!



I HATE TO MENTION
THIS LITTLE DETAIL--
BUT WE'RE HEADED
OUT INTO **SPACE!**

WE CAN'T! WE
MUST GET THIS
SHIP TURNED
AROUND! SKYMAN'S
BACK THERE!



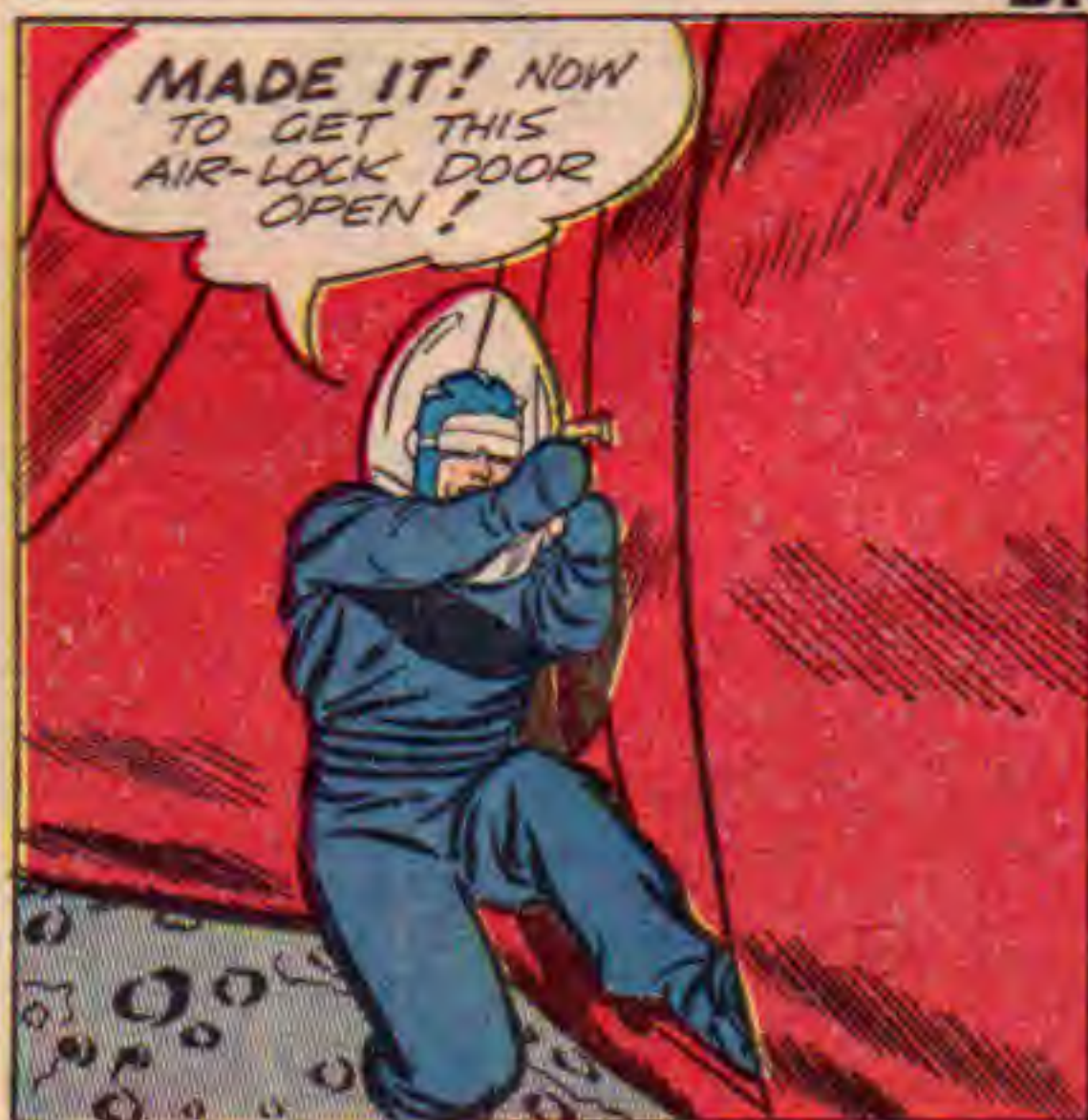
AT THIS SPEED WE'LL SOON
BE AWAY FROM THE MOON'S
GRAVITATIONAL PULL! IF
ONLY I CAN REACH THAT
DOOR!



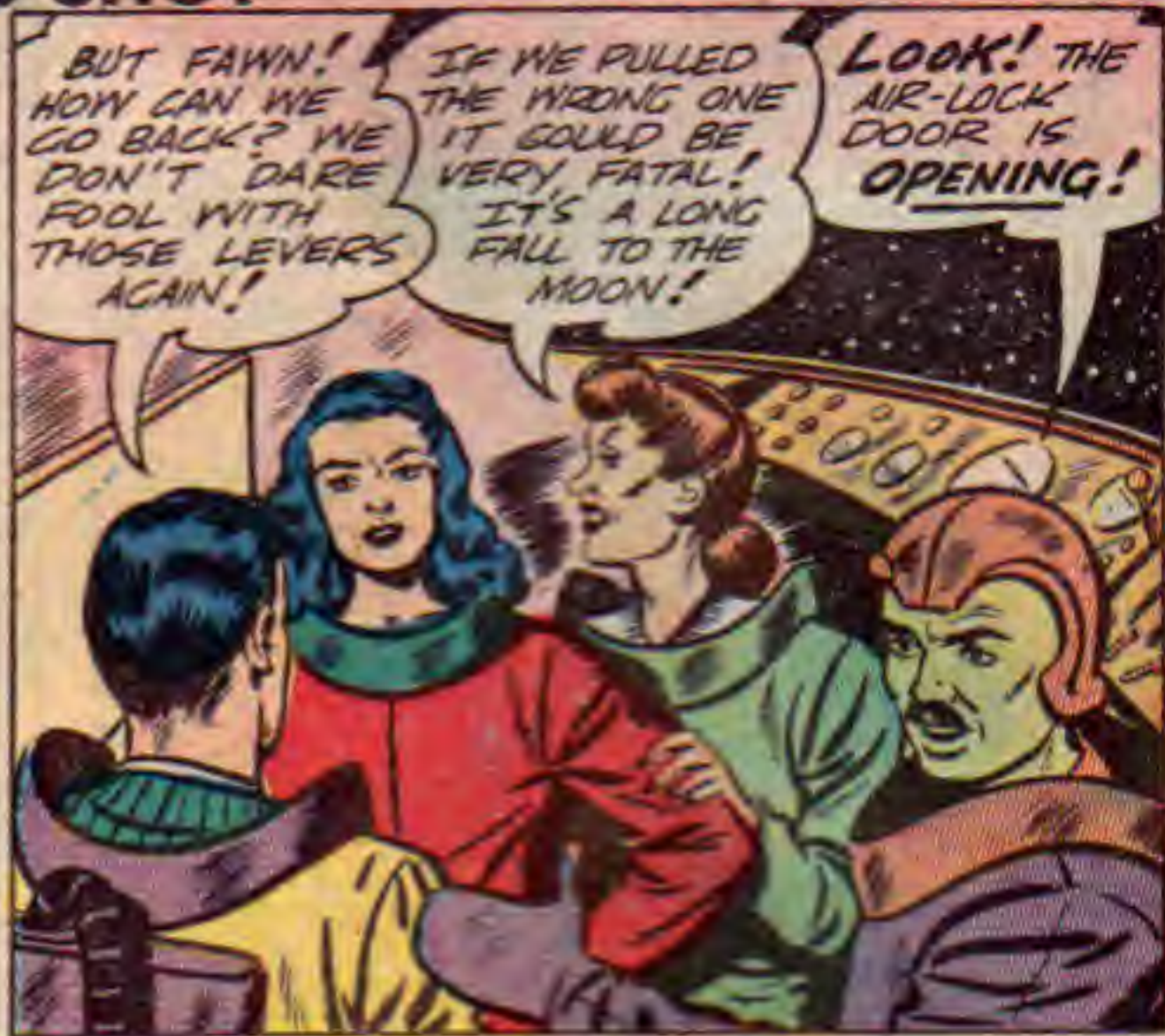
IF I MISS, IT'LL
BE JUST TOO BAD!
HERE GOES!



BIG SHOT



MADE IT! NOW TO GET THIS AIR-LOCK DOOR OPEN!



BUT FAWN! HOW CAN WE GO BACK? WE DON'T DARE FOOL WITH THOSE LEVERS AGAIN!

IF WE PULLED THE WRONG ONE IT COULD BE VERY FATAL! IT'S A LONG FALL TO THE MOON!

LOOK! THE AIR-LOCK DOOR IS OPENING!



HELLO EVERYONE! MIND IF I COME IN?

SKYMAN!



OH, YOU'RE ALIVE! I'M SO HAPPY!

REMEMBER ME TO GIVE YOU SOME LESSONS IN FLYING A SPACE-SHIP!

SKYMAN, THE DRUG! WEREN'T YOU UNDER ITS INFLUENCE?



NOT FOR A MOMENT! I CAME TO FROM THE BLOW THEY HAD GIVEN ME JUST IN TIME TO HEAR WHAT THE DRUG WAS SUPPOSED TO DO! SO, I PLAYED ALONG WITH THEM AND--

THEN--THEN I WAS RIGHT! YOU'RE NOT ALLAN TURNER!



-- IF YOU REALLY WERE YOU CERTAINLY WOULDN'T HAVE TOLD ME! I JUST KNEW YOU COULDN'T BE! HE'S SO LAZY AND WORTHLESS, AND YOU'RE SO-- OH SKYMAN-- SO WONDERFUL!

BIG SHOT



NEXT ISSUE: BOMB BLAST

BIG SHOT



BY FRANK BECK

BO
AND
JUNIOR
ARE
SPENDING
A FEW
DAYS
ON A
FARM

HO-HUM.M... THIS
IS THE FIRST NIGHT
I'VE EVER SPENT
ON A FARM...
IT'S TOO EARLY
TO GET UP...

THE SUN ISN'T EVEN IN
SIGHT... I MIGHT AS
WELL DIG IN AGAIN
AND TAKE A
GOOD SNOOZE...

WAITING FOR YOUR
BREAKFAST, BOSSY...?
I'M A LITTLE LATE
THIS MORNING...

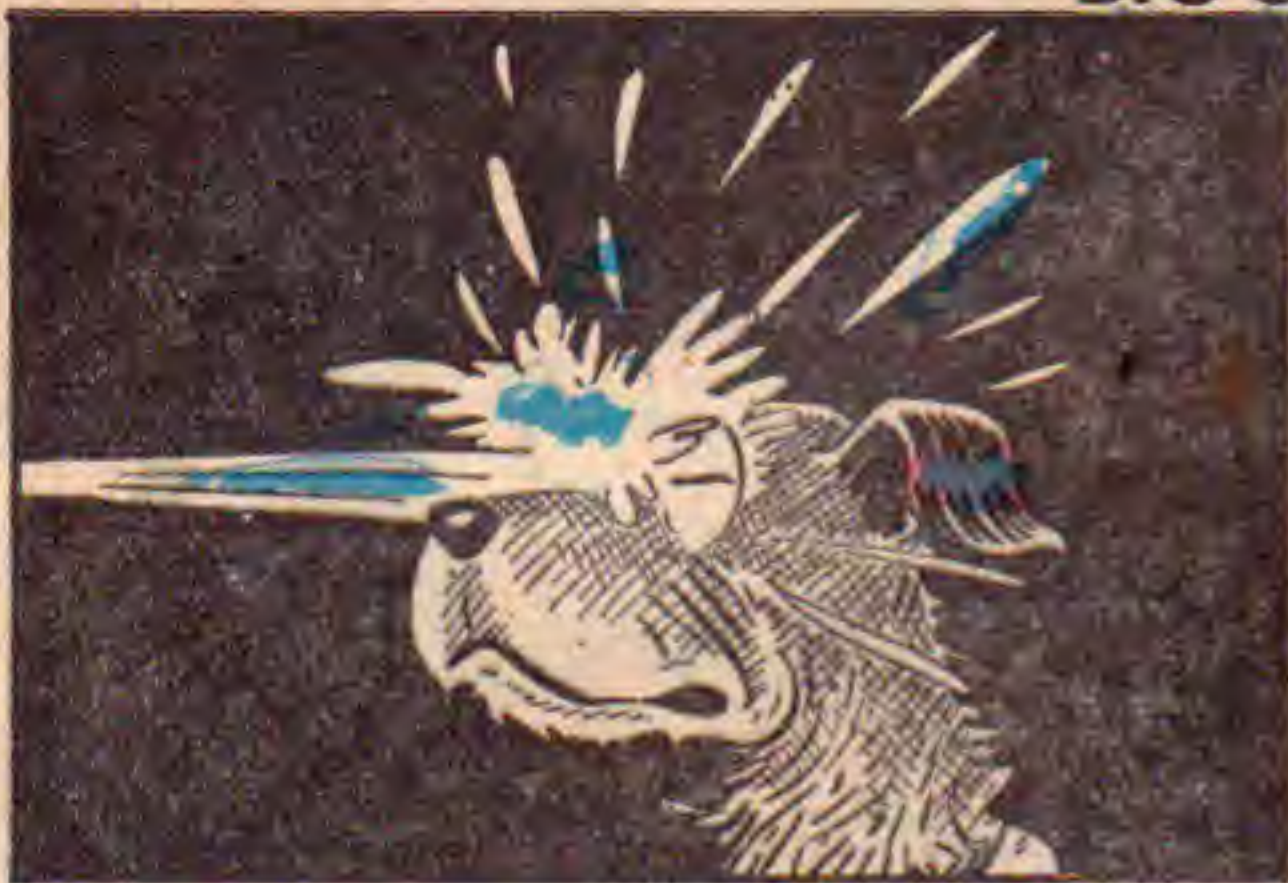
US FOLKS ON THE FARM
WASH UP IN WATER
RIGHT OUT OF
THE PUMP...

GOSH...
B-BUT IT'S
COLD...

BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



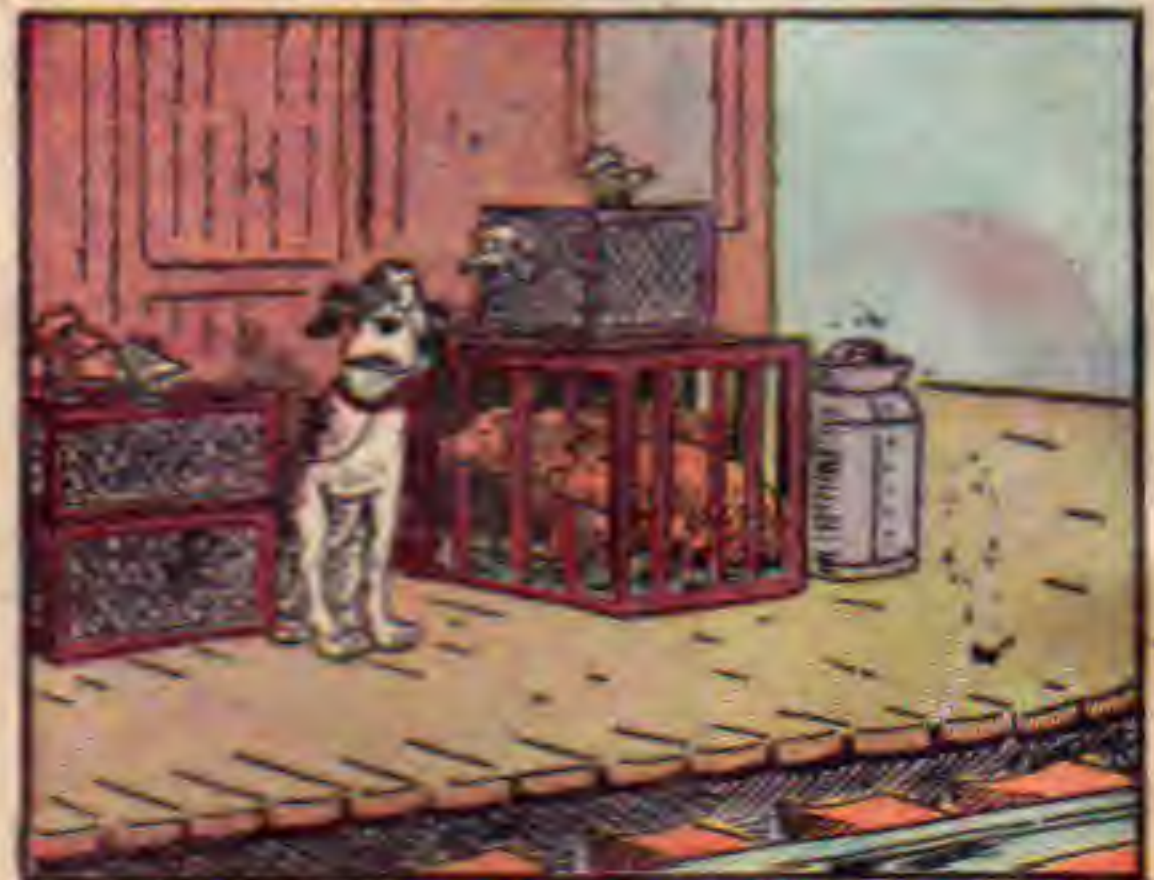
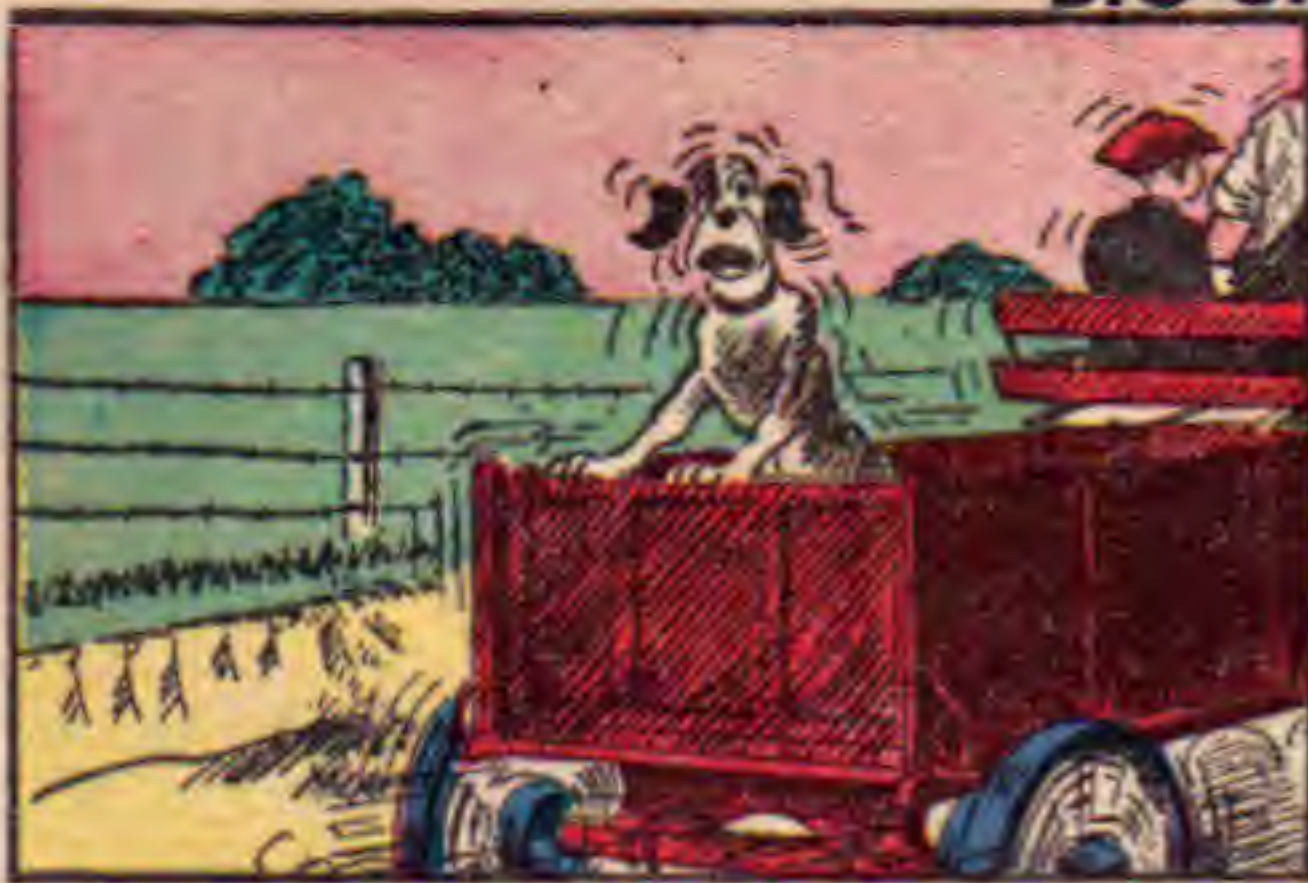
BIG SHOT



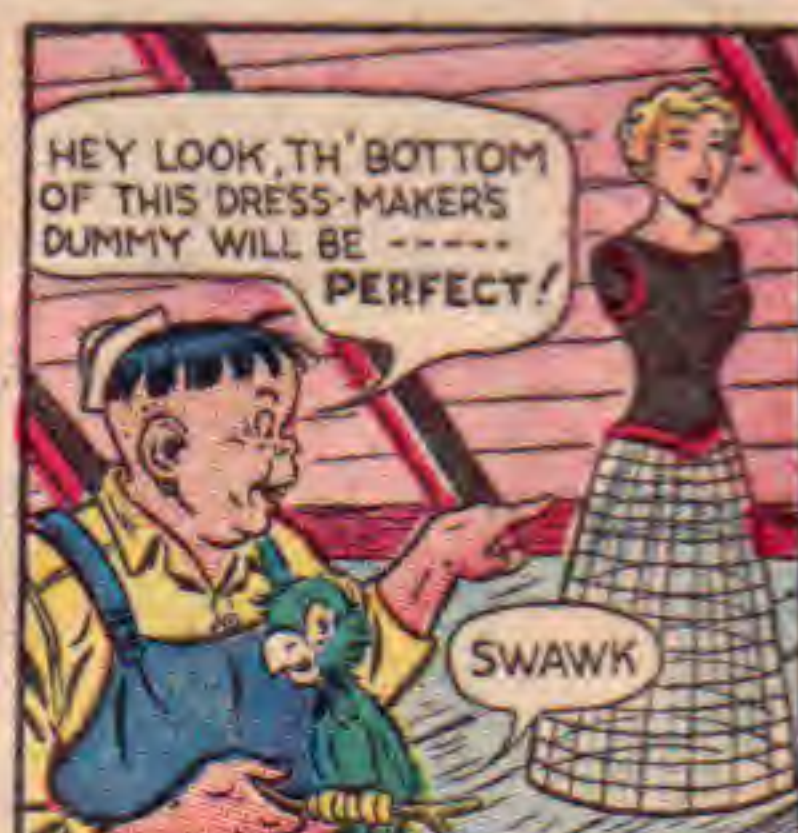
BO IS GETTING JEALOUS OF THE FARM ANIMALS

JUNIOR AND BO ARE GOING HOME TODAY

BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

TONY TRENT

by MART BAILEY



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



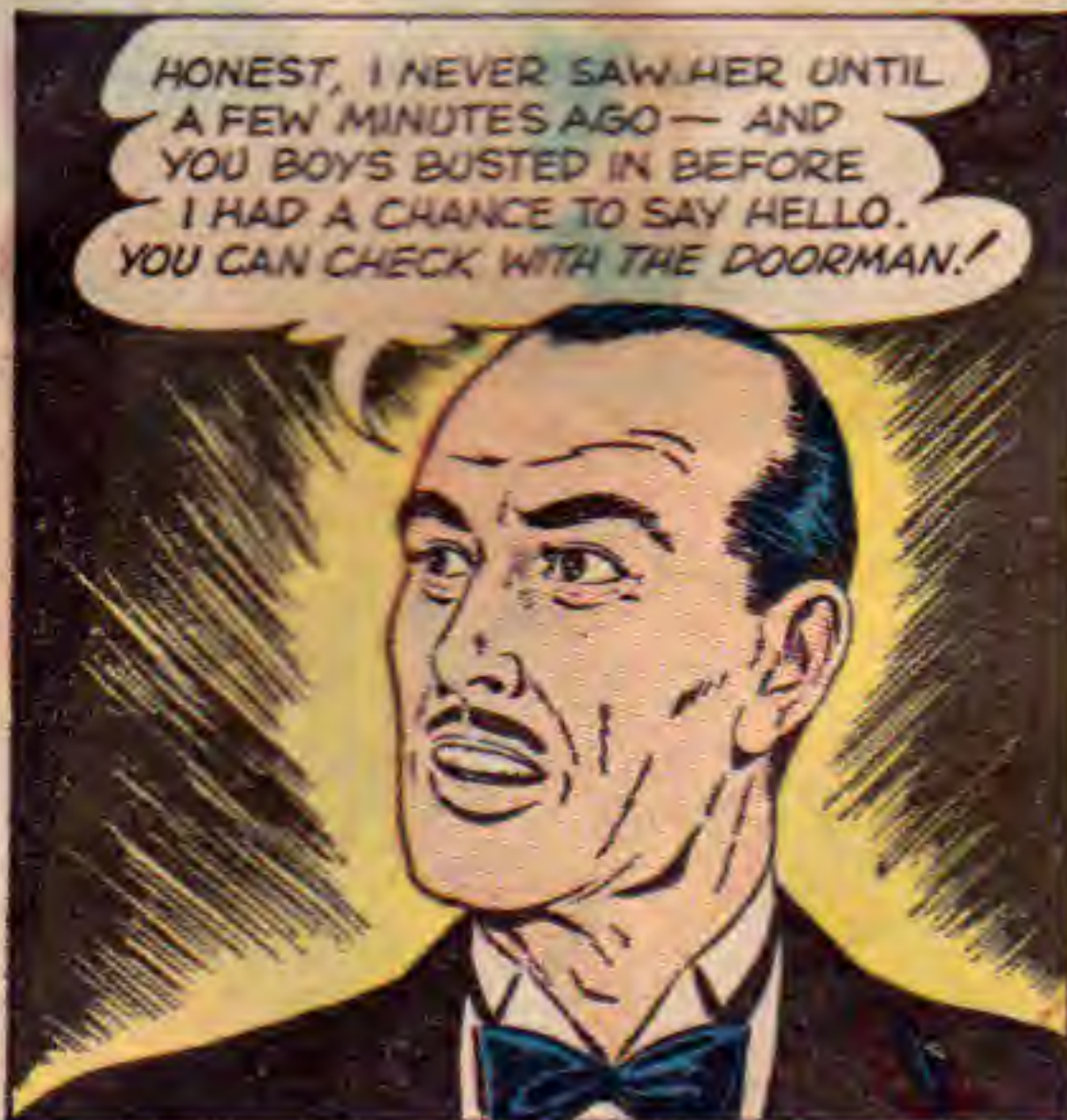
HEY, THAT DAME IS A REPORTER! SHE DROPPED HER NOTEBOOK!



YOU AIN'T BEEN TALKING TO THE NEWSPAPERS, HAVE YOU, ABOUT HOW WE SHAKE DOWN YOU AND THE OTHER BANDITS WHO RUN THESE UPHOLSTERED SEWERS?

NO! NO! I SWEAR-

THEN HOW COME THIS NOTEBOOK HAS THE NAMES OF ALL OUR BOYS? YOU MUSTA TIPPED HER OFF TO OUR RACKET!



HONEST, I NEVER SAW HER UNTIL A FEW MINUTES AGO - AND YOU BOYS BUSTED IN BEFORE I HAD A CHANCE TO SAY HELLO. YOU CAN CHECK WITH THE DOORMAN!



THE BOSS IS RIGHT...

WE'LL HAVE TO GET THAT GIRL

LOOK, AL - THIS WINDOW OVERLOOKS THE DINING ROOM - FROM HERE I CAN DRAW A BEAD ON THAT DAME.



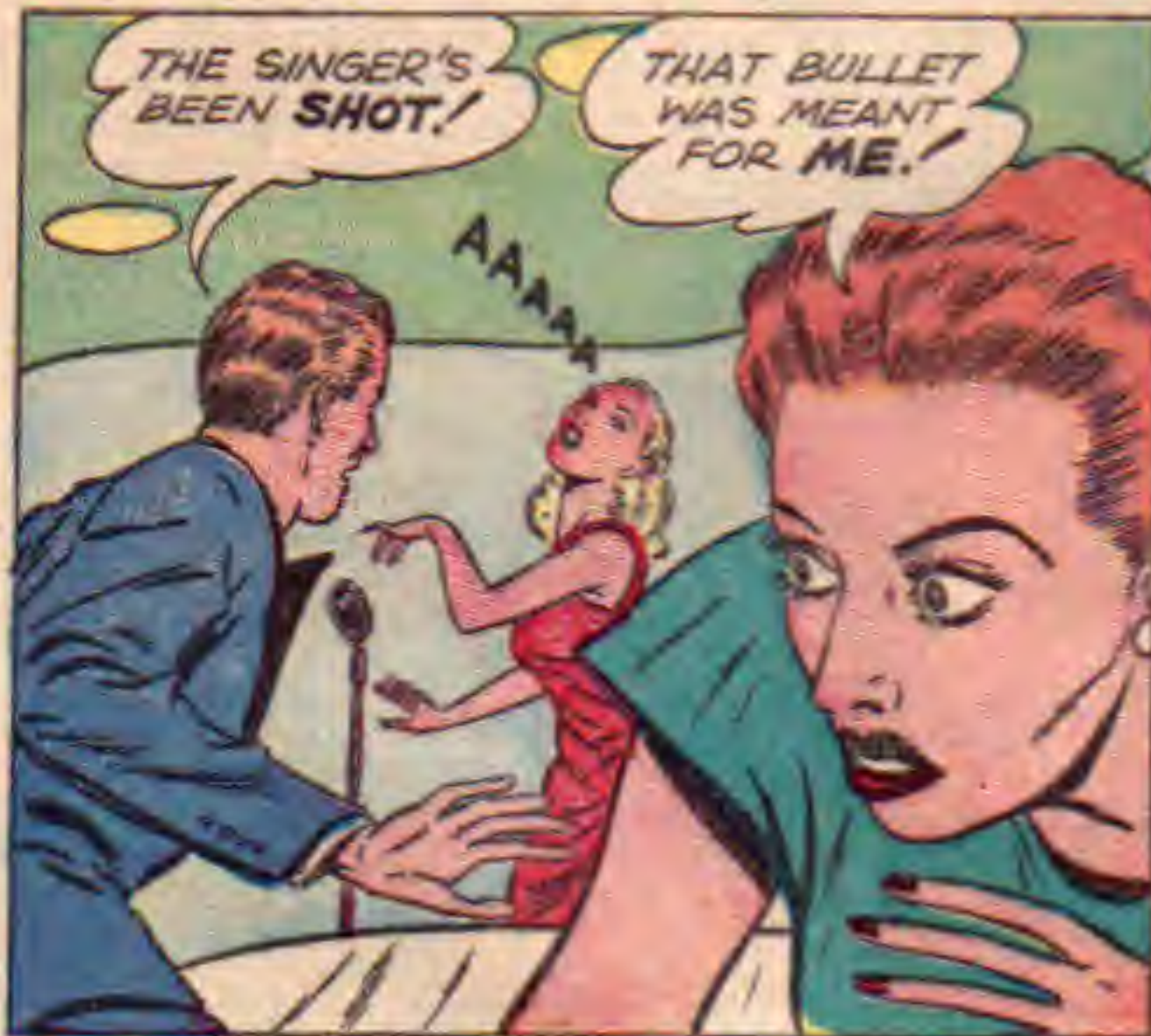
ANYTHING WRONG, TONY? YOU DON'T SEEM TO BE ENJOYING YOURSELF

WELL, IF YOU MUST KNOW... BABS DIDN'T APPROVE OF MY COMING HERE WITH YOU...



THEN YOU'D BETTER PREPARE TO DUCK, TONY - BECAUSE HERE COMES YOUR GIRL FRIEND WITH HER BOY FRIEND!

BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



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A GENUINE ARMY AIR CORPS
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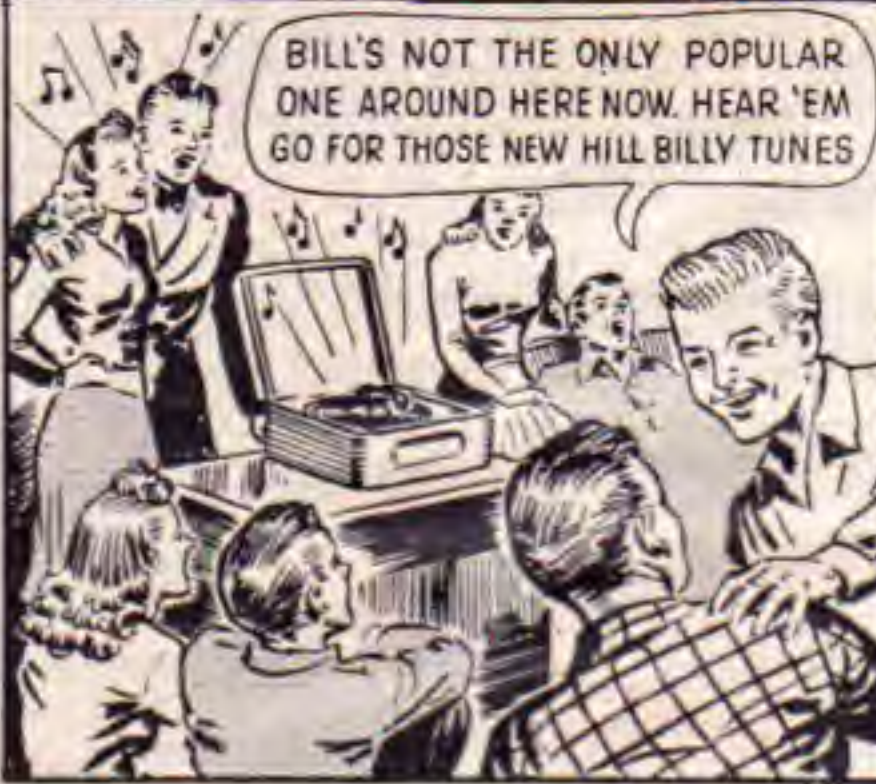
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THERE'S ONE PLACE YOU CAN GET REAL HOME FOLKS AND WESTERN RECORDS. IT'S STEWART SALES CO. IN CHICAGO AND THEY DELIVER THEM RIGHT TO YOUR DOOR.



IF IT'S AS EASY AS THAT, I'M GOING TO ORDER SOME AND HAVE FUN TOO!



It's so easy to order! Just check the ones you want... write in your name and address and mail today!

- | | | | | |
|------------------------------|-----|----------------------------------|------------------------------------|-----|
| RECORDED DRINK! SMOKE! | 63c | Foy Willing | MA 6002 DIVORCE ME C.O.D.—DARLING | 79c |
| MA 11004 RAINBOW AT MIDNIGHT | 63c | Eddie Dean | WHAT MORE CAN I DO... | 79c |
| MA 11004 RAINBOW AT MIDNIGHT | 63c | Ernest Tubbs | DE 46040 DON'T LOOK NOW—SO ROUND, | 79c |
| MA 11004 RAINBOW AT MIDNIGHT | 63c | Southern Joy Quartet | SO FIRM, SO FULLY PACKED | 79c |
| MA 11004 RAINBOW AT MIDNIGHT | 63c | MA 6004 MY LABOR WILL BE O'ER | I'M A DEBTOR I KNOW... | 79c |
| MA 11004 RAINBOW AT MIDNIGHT | 63c | MA 6005 HE SET ME FREE—THERE'S A | LITTLE LOG CABIN... | 79c |
| MA 11004 RAINBOW AT MIDNIGHT | 63c | Art Gibson | ME 6020 YOU'RE LAUGHING UP YOUR | 79c |
| MA 11004 RAINBOW AT MIDNIGHT | 63c | Grandpa Jones | TONIGHT—WHEN I LEAVE TOWN | 79c |
| MA 11004 RAINBOW AT MIDNIGHT | 63c | KI 502 IT'S RAINING HERE THIS | MORNING—I'LL BE AROUND IF YOU | 79c |
| MA 11004 RAINBOW AT MIDNIGHT | 63c | KI 524 I'VE BEEN ALL AROUND THIS | WORLD—OUR WORLDS ARE NOT THE | 79c |
| MA 11004 RAINBOW AT MIDNIGHT | 63c | Delmore Bros. | THE LAST OLD SHOVEL—RE- | 79c |
| MA 11004 RAINBOW AT MIDNIGHT | 63c | KI 527 I'M SORRY I CAUSED YOU TO | CRY—HILLBILLY BOOGIE | 79c |
| MA 11004 RAINBOW AT MIDNIGHT | 63c | KI 570 FREIGHT TRAIN BOOGIE | SOMEBODY ELSE'S DARLING | 79c |
| MA 11004 RAINBOW AT MIDNIGHT | 63c | Tex Ritter | CA 179 JEALOUS HEART—WE LIVE IN | 63c |
| MA 11004 RAINBOW AT MIDNIGHT | 63c | Dick Hart | DI 103 MISSISSIPPI BASIN LULLABY | 79c |
| MA 11004 RAINBOW AT MIDNIGHT | 63c | DI 104 WHY NOT CONFESS—IT'S ALL | OVER NOW, I'M TIRED OF IT ALL | 79c |
| MA 11004 RAINBOW AT MIDNIGHT | 63c | Wally Fowler | ME 6031 BROWN EYES A CRYIN' IN THE | 79c |
| MA 11004 RAINBOW AT MIDNIGHT | 63c | Prairie Ramblers | ME 6032 I'M A MARRIED MAN—THE | 79c |
| MA 11004 RAINBOW AT MIDNIGHT | 63c | ME 6023 SOUTH | I DON'T LOVE NOBODY BUT YOU... | 79c |
| MA 11004 RAINBOW AT MIDNIGHT | 63c | Roy Acuff | COL 37345 PO' FOLKS—THERE'S A BIG | 63c |
| MA 11004 RAINBOW AT MIDNIGHT | 63c | Bill Carlisle | KI 638 THE GIRL IN THE BLUE VELVET | 79c |
| MA 11004 RAINBOW AT MIDNIGHT | 63c | Tex Williams | CA 333 LEAF OF LOVE | 63c |
| MA 11004 RAINBOW AT MIDNIGHT | 63c | Art Gibson | ME 6025 I'M LOOKIN' HIGH & LOW FOR | 79c |
| MA 11004 RAINBOW AT MIDNIGHT | 63c | ME 6005 LEARN TO LOVE YOUR | BROTHER—I'M CHECKIN' OUT | 79c |
| MA 11004 RAINBOW AT MIDNIGHT | 63c | Hank Penny | KI 521 BLESS YOUR HEART, LITTLE | 79c |
| MA 11004 RAINBOW AT MIDNIGHT | 63c | KI 528 STEEL GUITAR STOMP | I'M COUNTING THE DAYS... | 79c |

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